

# THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

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[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 803.—VOL. XXXI.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[A MEMORY OF THE PAST.]

## “MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“Sinned Against: Not Sinning,” &c.

### CHAPTER X.

“But it is a mystery!”

“Lord, sir! nothing’s a mystery when you know it.”

JONSON.

CLEMENT WOODLEIGH, after his interview with the Dr. and with Sir Mervyn respectively, walked through the corridor of Petherick Place, pondering upon all the strange events of the past forty-eight hours.

The late owner—Sir Mervyn’s father—had built Petherick Place, and he had been fortunate enough to have had an architect who possessed both chaste taste and accurate architectural knowledge.

Consequently, there is nothing out of its place—nothing incongruous—everything is in keeping.

There is no garishness, no tawdriness, no mixture of styles—and the painter’s keen, cultivated eye appreciates all this.

The galleries through which he passes are hung either with some of the best modern pictures, or with excellent copies of the old masters, done by well-known hands.

Here and there his eye rests upon a splendid

old original; and Clement Woodleigh loves his art too well not to be induced to stop and gaze at it.

Thus, it will be seen, it is some little time before he reaches the ante-room of the suite of apartments which Mrs. Mason, the housekeeper, has reserved for the use of the Lady Isola.

Even in the ante-room he pauses to gaze upon an exquisite Canaletti, which hangs upon the wall just opposite to the door.

It is one of the masterpieces of that photographic-like painter, and had been bought for an enormous sum by the late owner of Petherick Place.

One of the “water-streets” of Venice—as Thomas Carlyle calls it—is here represented—palaces with marble steps, leading down to the water, whereon are gondolas, gaily painted, and unlike the sombre, black, coffin-like gondolas of the present day.

The very minuteness of the painting fascinates Clement Woodleigh, and he folds his hands and stands opposite to it in mute admiration of the great dead and gone master.

He recognises that he belonged to the school of those who wrought, not for man, but for the gods, for the sake of art, and not for the praise of their fellow-men in the mass, and in the present.

As he is thus standing musing, a door is gently opened, and turning quickly, the painter sees the Lady Isola.

But a more beautified and more glorified Lady Isola than the one which he had seen under the magnolia tree, with the lush grasses springing up around her bare feet.

Like a queen—a young queen, exulting in her

beauty and strength and power—stands this Lady Isola.

She is clad in a brilliant emerald velvet gown, made somewhat after a Venetian fashion. It has a long flowing train, slashed sleeves, with the white satin peeping out here and there, and with puffs at the shoulders and elbows.

About the neck and arms fall rare old lace, and as he looks, Clement Woodleigh is not sure which the Lady Isola looks best as—whether as a nymph of the woods in her coarse gown and bare feet, or as a queen amongst men, clad in almost regal robes.

Unsophisticated as she is, yet she sees the look of unmistakable, surprised admiration which shines forth from the painter’s eyes.

Her own eyes droop beneath his glance—and she says, without looking at him:

“You are surprised to see me in this dress, I am sure?”

“It is eminently suitable to you,” he replies, with more warmth in his voice than he is aware of, “and it seems to me to be only a suitable kind of dress for your position in life.”

A quick flush passes over the girl’s face—less from Clement Woodleigh’s recognition of her social position than from the evident admiration conveyed in his tones.

“I hope they are taking good care of you,” he continues, as she does not answer.

“I think this is a very good guarantee,” she says quickly, raising her glorious eyes to the painter’s face, and holding up a fold of the emerald velvet dress. “Good Mrs. Mason has been so kind to me; she had these dresses, which had belonged to Sir Mervyn’s mother, lying by, and she gave me my choice of any of them. By the way, that reminds me! How very ungrate-

ful and forgetful I am. How is Sir Mervyn?"

"Oh, we hope he will get on all right. I am glad you have been taken care of."

"Oh, yes!" and the glorious dark eyes are again raised to his. "Mrs. Mason is so kind, no one could be more so. But," she continues, "where have you been all this time? What has been the matter?"

"I have been in the Towers," he replies. "Will you not sit down? I have a good deal to tell you, and a good deal to ask you."

"All this time in the Towers!" she exclaims, in no little surprise. Why, what have you been doing there?"

And then Clement Woodleigh tells the whole tale of how he had entered by the secret passage; of the mysterious personages he had seen walk round the walls; of the equally mysterious company he had moved amongst, of the woman who had liberated him, and lastly, of the subterranean passage.

As she listens, the Lady Isola's eyes grow larger and larger—her whole frame seems to dilate—her breath comes thick and fast, and she says, hurriedly and excitedly:

"I see it all now! I also was told the story about the Wicked Twins, and I was brought to see them walking in the moonlight, and I believed the falsehood."

"Tell me," says Clement Woodleigh, "is it possible you have never heard of all I have told you?"

"No," she replies, solemnly. "I know nothing about it. I only know that what you tell me clears up some things I have been at a loss to account for."

"May I ask what they are? I do not mean to be inquisitive; but I think I have as good a right as anyone to know all about this extraordinary affair."

"You have a better right than anyone, as far as I can know," she replies. "I mean that I can now comprehend the meaning of the bustle I have so often heard in the place, and also, what you tell me accounts for the bursts of music I have so often heard."

"Do you mean to say you heard them, and never asked for a reason? It is scarcely credible!"

"Yes," she says, I heard them, and I asked for the meaning, but when I asked I was only insulted and illused by both the man and the woman, so that I at last said nothing about anything I heard."

"Tell me," interposes Clement Woodleigh, as though ignoring the former discussion, "do you remember when you first came to the Towers?"

"I am not sure," she replies, musingly; and then she stands up and walks slowly up and down the room, as though the activity of body induced activity of mind. "I am not quite sure," she repeats. "I seem to remember a time when there was nothing about me or around me but green trees, and dark faces and the stars!"

"But surely you remember something about your coming to the Towers?"

"Not much. I must have been very young at the time. Not more than three years old. I remember," she continues, knitting her brows in her efforts, and resenting herself, "that I had someone called 'Nellie' with me. She was always dressed in black, and wore a curious white cap."

"And you?" he inquires, anxiously and inquisitively; "how were you dressed then? As I saw you?"

"No," and the girl instinctively colours; "no—at that time I was dressed, I suppose, as I ought to have been dressed. Then, one day, Nellie heard me say the lessons I usually said to her, and after that I saw her no more."

"How old were you then?"

"About ten, I think—certainly not more. I had the few books left Nellie with me, and her prayer book, and I have never read anything else."

"You write?"

A deep flush suffuses the girl's dark cheek. The next minute she raises her glorious dark eyes, and says, almost defiantly:

"You should not despise me for being so ignorant! I am sure it is no fault of mine!"

"I do not despise you," he says, gently. "Heaven forbid that I should do so. I know that anything which has happened is no fault of yours. There is one thing more I wish to ask you—have you any idea of who the woman is whom my friend and I found in the wood?"

"Not the very least idea. What do you say her name was?"

"Muriel."

"Muriel!" she repeats, several times, as if fastening the name on her memory. "Muriel—how curious it sounds—is it an odd name?" she asks, looking confidentially at Clement Woodleigh.

"You ought to know as well as myself," he replies, with a little smile. "Muriel is a particularly uncommon name."

"You would not laugh at me," she says, with quivering lips, "if you knew how many disadvantages I laboured under, and how very ignorant I consequently am. It is no fault of mine that I am so. There are many things here that I do not know the use of, and I hear of many things, even for the short time I have been here, that I do not in the least understand."

"You will know, and you will understand time enough," replies the painter, kindly. "Meantime, did the man and woman ever tell you anything about your father?"

"Never. I was forbidden to speak of him also."

"Do you remember what he was like?"

"Not in the very least," is the emphatic reply. "I remember something of a dark man and waving trees, and seeing the moon at night, but nothing distinctly."

"As I said before," Clement Woodleigh repeats, "the mystery will soon be cleared up. I trust. Meanwhile, we must make you as comfortable as we can."

## CHAPTER XI.

There's nothing I'll can dwell in such a temple;  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Tax Turret.

"Do you recollect about your father in any way?" repeats Clement.

As Clement Woodleigh puts the question to the Lady Isola, a puzzled look comes over her face.

"No," she says, slowly, "I do not remember anything about him, and as he has never written to know anything about me," and the tears gather in her lustrous eyes as she speaks, "I cannot say that I know anything whatever about him. Certainly I do not know his address."

"That is annoying," he replies, "however, the peerage will give his town address, therefore I shall inquire there."

"How much trouble I am giving you!" she exclaims, impulsively, raising her dewy eyes to his face.

"Not at all! Not at all!" he says, good-naturedly, but then Clement Woodleigh was a Bayard in chivalry, and had the object been a woman, and a crossing-sweeper, he would have been chivalrous and polite to her.

"And Sir Mervyn?" she inquires; "it is nearly time for me to ask how he is? What does the doctor say?"

"Oh! he'll soon be himself again. Of course, now he is very weak, and must be kept very quiet, for fear of fever coming on from the loss of blood and the shock, but with that exception, he is getting on as well as can be expected."

"I feel so miserable," she says, rising and walking excitedly up and down the ante-room, "to think I have been the cause of all this trouble."

"Pray compose yourself," he says, gently, "and do not for one moment think that either Sir Mervyn or myself regrets anything we have undergone."

"You are very good to say so; but I cannot help feeling the matter all the same."

She stands before him in all the splendour of her almost royal beauty, her hands loosely clasped

before her, and as he gazes at her, Clement Woodleigh is not sure whether she looked best under the magnolia tree or as he now beholds her.

"For my own part," he continues, trying to speak lightly, "I am not in the least sorry for having had this experience! I saw many curious things which may be of use to me yet in my profession."

"In your what?" she asks, turning upon the painter a pair of puzzled, wondering eyes.

"In my profession," he repeats.

"Ah," she says, sorrowfully shaking her head, "you know I told you I was very ignorant, and I do not know what you mean when you speak of your profession."

He looks at her with a little amused, half-pitying, half-admiring smile.

"By my profession," he says, "I mean the means I use to endeavour to work so as to supply myself with money sufficient to enable me to buy enough to eat, and clothes enough to wear."

"I understand," she replies, with childlike confidence, "and what sort is your work?"

"I paint pictures," he says, yet more interested and amused, "pictures somewhat like that."

As he speaks, Clement Woodleigh points to the Castaldi on the wall behind the Lady Isola.

She turns and looks at it. A bewildered expression passes over her face, and she knits her straight black brows as she gazes at the picture.

"Do you like it?" he asks, his eyes fixed upon her lovely expressive face, the variations of which inexpressibly interest him.

"Yes," she replies, slowly. "I like it; and do you know I fancy I have seen the place somewhere or other before."

"Perhaps you have seen the picture," he suggests, still watching her changeable countenance.

"No, no," she speaks, a little petulantly: "no; I have never seen the picture. If I have seen anything it is the place itself, and it seems as though I saw it in a dream."

"The scene is in Venice," he says.

"Venice!" the name conveys no meaning to her undeveloped mind.

"Venice is a city in Italy," he explains, "and Italy is a country far, far away from this."

"I have heard of Italy, I think," she replied, musingly, "I think Nellie told me about it."

"Very likely."

"I cannot quite remember, but I think I have seen some place with steps like those, and with these sort of things," and she points to the gondolas as she speaks.

"Perhaps you have been in Venice in your childhood," he hazards, strangely moved by her voice and words.

"I cannot say," she replies, regretfully. "I only know that whether I have actually seen these things—or whether it is all a dream—I have in some way or other had them present to my mind."

Two days pass away, and at the end of the third day Clement Woodleigh says to Sir Mervyn:

"I say, what are you going to do about the Lady Isola?"

"By Jove!" exclaims Sir Mervyn, ruefully, as he arranges his pillows more comfortably; "that is the very thing that has been troubling me; what on earth is to be done with her?"

"So she won't go to the Rectory?"

"No. When the subject was mooted to her yesterday, Fleming said she made the most desperate row; he seems to think her a most exceptionally incomprehensible young woman."

"I don't think she is," replies Clement Woodleigh, gently. "I don't think she is incomprehensible. I think she is unconventional."

"I don't know that I care for unconventional young women," says the invalid, rather testily; "it's deuced unpleasant having her here; it places one in a most awkward situation."

"She is completely under the care of Mrs. Mason," says Clement Woodleigh; "you have



never seen her, and I have only spoken three times to her since she has been in the house. However, of course I know that in the eyes of the world that is not enough, and that she should not be staying in the house of a bachelor."

"Yes, there's the deuce of it," says Sir Mervyn, ruefully, as he vigorously thumps the coverlet in his bewilderment. "You know she flatly refused to go to the Rectory, and could not be made to understand that there was anything wrong in staying here."

Clement Woodleigh gives a half smile. He is not sure whether or not he likes to think this young girl is so extremely unconventional. In one sense he is glad, for her own sake he is sorry.

"I find from the peerage," he says, "that the Earl of Brakeholme's London residence is in Great Gaunt Street. Suppose I go there to-morrow as your representative and try and see the earl?"

"A good thought!" exclaims Sir Mervyn. "For my part I shall be glad, the sooner she is out of my care."

"Many a one would not object to such a charge!" says the painter, half quizzically. "You have not seen the Lady Isola in the garments of conventional life. She looks like a young queen in the dress your benevolent housekeeper has managed to find for her somewhere."

"I know all about it," returned Sir Mervyn; "the dress belonged to my mother. The young lady looked lovely even in the extraordinary attire in which you discovered her, so what must she be with all other aids to set off her very remarkable beauty; for, ill as I was, I remember it."

"She looks like an empress!" says the painter, emphatically.

"Take care! Take care!" laughs Sir Mervyn. "My dear fellow, you are more than half in love with the young lady already!"

"Not I!"

But although Clement Woodleigh repudiates the thought, he blushes—he feels too that he is blushing, and stands up abruptly and goes to the window.

"Don't tell me!" retorts Sir Mervyn, "I know the symptoms too well to be deceived, especially in a person of so romantic a temperament as yours is."

"Romantic! Bosh!" exclaims the painter; but at the same time he does not turn his face towards his friend. "Life is too prosaic for me, for such as I am to be romantic. That is only reserved for such as you are."

"What do you mean?" asks his friend, sharply.

"Only this," he replies—and all the time he does not look at his friend—"that you have wealth and a name. I have nothing but my brains. You can aspire to wed with name and money. I have nothing to offer any woman but the fruit of my brains, and—my unworthy self."

"How very modest you have become!" exclaims Sir Mervyn.

"Have I?"

"Yes, extremely so. Why, as I remember you in London, you were the hero of a thousand bonne fortunes."

"I don't want to think of it," says the painter, shortly. But—Petherick—I feel I wish now I had name and fame!"

"Well! well! old boy!" replies Sir Mervyn, good-naturedly, "it seems to me you are on the high road to both name and fame. But women, don't very often care so much for these things as for a good-looking fellow, so perhaps the Lady Isola may be of that mind, and if she is, why not go in and win?"

"There! don't chaff about the matter," says Clement Woodleigh; "at all events I'll go to London and see the young lady's father and tell him all the extraordinary things which have been taking place at the Towers. He surely cannot be aware of them."

"I should say not," replies Sir Mervyn. "Meantime, I think I had better send for Lord Rainsford, and consult him upon the subject."

## CHAPTER XII.

"My love is like a red, red rose."

ONCE more is Clement Woodleigh in the modern Babylon.

He arrives in the evening, and, determined not to lose a moment, he takes a hansom, and drives at once to the Earl of Brakeholme's town residence in Great Gaunt Street, Mayfair.

The house looks solitary and neglected, and the windows are so begrimed with dust that the papered-up blinds are scarcely discernible.

Clement Woodleigh knocks at the ponderous hall-door, awaking the echoes throughout the dreary-looking and apparently deserted mansion.

Presently he hears footsteps approaching, and there is a sound of bolts and bars being drawn and let down.

In a few minutes the door is partially opened—the chain being still kept up—and a woman appears at the aperture.

A decent-looking, elderly woman, in a plain grey gown, white net cap, and white apron. She scrutinises Clement Woodleigh, and asks:

"What may you please to want, sir?"

"This is the Earl of Brakeholme's, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he at home?"

"No, sir," and Clement Woodleigh fancies the woman looks at him with a surprised air. "His lordship is on the Continent—at least, he was three months ago. But come in, sir," she continues, taking down the chain and opening the door.

Clement Woodleigh enters a spacious hall with a chequered black and white marble pavement, something like a chessboard.

The place is destitute of furniture of any kind save a marble-topped hall-table and two chairs.

The table is littered over with papers, letters, and pamphlets, and round the walls hang some full-length portraits of the same style as those which the painter had seen at the Towers.

"Have you any idea as to when the Earl of Brakeholme will return?" he asks.

"No, sir. We are never sure of his lordship's movements. He comes and goes quite suddenly. Was your business with his lordship of great importance, may I ask, sir?"

"Of the very greatest importance. I presume you are the housekeeper?"

"Yes, sir; I am the town housekeeper. I have been in the family for thirty years," she replies.

"So long! Then I presume you were in the family at the time of the Earl of Brakeholme's marriage?"

The woman looks grave, and replies, in a reticent tone:

"Yes, sir."

"You know the Lady Isola Marbourne?"

He knows very well that she does not, but he wants to find out all she does know.

"No, sir, I can scarcely say I do. The Lady Isola Marbourne, his lordship's only child, lives in rather a retired manner at the Towers, one of his lordship's country seats. When his lordship decided to place the Lady Isola there, together with her governess, I saw her as she passed through London. She was only a child then."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir." (The woman is evidently glad to get so patient a listener.) "Can I be of any service to you in your business with his lordship?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," he replies, with some little hesitation. "I have come with a message from my friend, Sir Mervyn Petherick, who is a near neighbour of the Earl of Brakeholme. Sir Mervyn's property adjoins the Brakeholme estate whereon the Towers stands."

"Then perhaps you know the Lady Isola," she exclaims, her worn, faded face lighting up, "although I believe she does not go much into any society, but lives quite secluded and happily with Miss Nellie Ross, her governess, who is now her companion."

Miss Nellie Ross! The painter listens to all this in utter amazement.

Then this must be the "Nellie" of whom the Lady Isola spoke!

The plot is becoming more and more intricate; but before he admits anything concerning the real facts of the case, Clement Woodleigh determines to find out all he can.

"Of course you have been to the Towers?"

"Never, sir. But I hope some day or other to go there and see it, and my young lady too. His lordship hears from her regularly once a week. She seems very happy, and does not appear to want to leave her quiet country life for town gaieties, for his lordship intends to have her presented next season. Have you ever met the Lady Isola, sir?"

"Yes."

"Is she very handsome, sir?"

"Very beautiful, indeed," he replies, heartily; "but tell me, have you any idea when the Earl of Brakeholme will return to London?"

"No, sir. I can see, sir," she continues, with a faint smile passing over her faded face, "that you don't know much about his lordship."

"No, indeed."

"His lordship is very clever, sir. He is one of the greatest entomologists in the world. I thought everyone knew, sir," she adds, with an air of conscious pride, "that there is not such an authority in the world, upon the habits of ants, as his lordship."

"I must confess my ignorance," he replies.

"Yes, sir, that's the truth. My master heard of some wonderful race of ants to be seen somewhere in Prussia, and that is where he went three months ago, at an hour's notice to his valet. But one of the clerks from his lordship's solicitors came up here the other day and said that his lordship had heard of some more curious family of ants in Central Africa, and that they were of opinion he had gone there."

"Where do the Earl of Brakeholme's solicitors live," he inquired; "it may be as well for me to see them in his lordship's absence."

"Just as you like, sir; their name is Lennox and Steward, and they live at number seven, Denton Court, E.C."

"Thank you," he replies, making a step towards the door. "It is just possible I may see the Lady Isola Marbourne," he says, as he stands upon the steps, "and if so, who shall I say has been so much interested in her?"

"Jane Traynor, sir," she replies, whilst a gratified flush passes over her pale, faded face; "and thank you, sir."

Jumping again into the hansom, Clement Woodleigh hurries off to Denton Court. But he is too late.

The principals have left, so making an appointment for the next morning, he wends his way towards his chambers in Berners Street.

Clement Woodleigh ponders over the strange and conflicting statements he has heard respecting the Lady Isola.

That there is treachery and foul play somewhere he has very little doubt; and he is somewhat curious to see how the game is likely to be played out.

As he smokes a meditative pipe, he thinks over the whole; and there arise before him two pictures.

The first is of a lovely girl, with dark waving hair, lustrous eyes, and the lush grasses about her bare feet, as she stands beneath a magnolia tree.

He half closes his eyes, and sees that vision in the curling smoke-wreaths.

The scene changes; and he sees the same girl, but clad in almost royal robes, with the imperial emerald velvet folds draping her stately, lithe, graceful form.

She looks every inch a queen, but Clement Woodleigh likes the first picture the better of the two.

He is in his studio, where everything lies about in an artistic litter.

Half finished pictures are standing against the walls, and on an easel right before him is a huge blank canvas.

Suddenly a thought seems to strike Clement Woodleigh.

Hurriedly taking off his coat, he dons a shabby, but favourite painting blouse, and seating himself before the easel, he seizes a box of coloured chalks and dashes off a sketch.

A sketch of a girl with lustrous dark eyes, with flowing black hair, with bare neck and arms, and with the lush grasses kissing her bare feet as she stands beneath a magnolia tree.

"Only a sketch," he says to himself, as he surveys his work with a satisfied air, "but I must call it something. I know; I'll call it, 'My love is like a red, red rose.'"

(To be Continued.)

#### VELOCIPED FEAT EXTRAORDINARY.

Two intrepid velocipedists, M. le Baron Emanuel de Graffenried de Burgenstein, aged twenty years and six months, and a member of the Society of Velocipede Sport, of Paris, has accomplished, with M. A. Laumaille d'Angers, the greatest distance that has been made with a velocipede in France.

Leaving Paris on March 16, they returned on the 24th of April, after having travelled a distance of more than three thousand miles. Their route extended through a part of the west, the middle, and the south of France, Italy, and southern Switzerland. They travelled through Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême, Bordeaux, Montauban, Toulouse, Montpellier, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, Menton, San-Remo, Genoa, Turin, Milan, the Simplon—where they barely escaped destruction by an avalanche—Vevay, Berne, Lausanne, Geneva, Dijon, Troy, and Provins.

The longest distance that they accomplished in a single day, was between Turin and Milan, a distance of ninety-nine miles, which they made in nine hours and half.

#### LITTLE GIRLS.

We cannot well imagine a home more incomplete than that one where there is no little girl to stand in the void of the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and to draw all hearts within the magic ring of her presence. There is something about little girls which is especially loveable; even their wilful, naughty ways seem utterly void of evil when they are so soon followed by the sweet penitence that overflows in such gracious showers.

Your boys are great noble fellows, generous, loving, and full of good impulses, but they are noisy and demonstrative, and dearly as you love them, you are glad their place is out of doors; but Jennie, with her light step, is always beside you; she brings the slippers for papa, and with her pretty, dimpled fingers unfolds the paper for him to read; she puts on a thimble no bigger than a fairy's, and with some very mysterious combination of "doll-rags," fills up a small rocker by mamma, with a wonderful assumption of womanly dignity.

And who shall tell how the little thread of speech that flows with such sweet, silvery lightness from those innocent lips twines itself around the mother's heart never to rust, not even when the dear little face is hid among the daisies, as so many mothers know.

But Jennie grows to be a woman, and there is a long and shining track from the half-latched door of girlhood till the girl blooms into the mature woman. There are the brothers who always lower their voices when they talk to their sisters, and tell of their sports, in which she takes almost as much interest as they do, while in turn she instructs them in all the little minor details of home life, of which they would grow up ignorant if not for her.

And what a shield she is upon the dawning manhood where so many temptations lie. Always her sweet presence to guard and inspire them, a check upon profanity, a living sermon on immortality. How fragrant the cup of tea

she hands them at the evening meal; how cheery her voice as she relates the little incidents of the day. No silly talk of incipient beaux, or love of young men met on the promenade. A girl like that has no empty space in her head for such thoughts to run riot in, and you don't find her spending the evening in the dim parlour with a questionable young man for her company.

When her lover comes, he must say what he has to say in the family sitting-room with father and mother, or, if ashamed to, there is no room for him there. Jennie's young heart has not been filled by the pernicious nonsense which results in so many unhappy marriages or hasty divorces.

Dear girl, she thinks all the time of what a good home she has, what dear brothers, and on bended knees craves the blessings of Heaven to rest on them, but she does not know how far, very far from time and eternity, her own pure example goes, how it will radiate as a blessing into other homes where a sister's memory will be the consecrated ground of the past."

#### NO MOTHER NOW.

I HAVE no mother now,

That faithful heart is stilled;

The voice for ever hushed;

The lips for ever chilled.

I have no mother now,

She sleeps beneath the sod

Her weary heart's at rest;

Her spirit is with God.

I have no mother now:

What bitter tears of woe

Fall o'er a mother's tomb,

No one save orphans know.

But He, the God of love,

Knows all our grief and pain;

And soon the loved and lost

Will give to us again.

I. P.

#### SCIENCE.

##### A NEW DEEP SEA THERMOMETER.

PERHAPS some of our readers may have seen a description of a form of thermometer devised by MM. Negretti and Zambra for the purpose of ascertaining the temperature of the ocean at great depths. This consisted of a tube bent into the shape of a syphon, which, when it had reached the desired depth, was made, by means of an ingenious arrangement, to pour all the mercury found above a certain point near the reservoir into the second arm of the syphon. The second arm, which, like the other, was a capillary tube, carried a scale of divisions on which might be read the temperature of the depths to which the instrument had been lowered. This thermometer gave all the results that might have been expected. The ship "Challenger" during its polar expedition had on board a certain number of these instruments.

The report of Captain G. S. Nares made to the English Admiralty describes all the benefits that we may hope to reap from a serious study of the temperature of the ocean at different depths, and not the least of these are those that pertain to the fishery interest. Notwithstanding the good results given by this instrument, its inventors have endeavoured to render it still more practical and more within the reach of all by diminishing the cost of construction, and increasing its compactness.

It is an ordinary thermometer furnished at A with a little device that M. Negretti has already made use of in the construction of his larger in-

strument, and which allows the liquid to run from the reservoir into the capillary tube when the temperature rises, without letting it flow back when it lowers, if moreover the precaution has been taken to incline the tube slightly, reservoir upward. At B there is a bulge in the tube in which a certain quantity of mercury may lodge; this bulge is placed in such a way that the mercury resulting from the dilatation of the reservoir may come to it and continue its ascension in the capillary tube when the reservoir is down (the thermometer being vertical), but cannot get out when the reservoir is upwards.

We should add that these thermometers are constructed so as to give the variations of temperature within determined limits.

The small reservoir, B, is indispensable to the well working of the apparatus; for in seeking the temperature at a certain depth the instrument may, on being drawn up, pass through warmer strata, and it is necessary, therefore, to provide the reservoir with a means of diffusing the small quantity of mercury resulting from this excess of temperature. The tube has also a small bulge at its upper extremity at C.

The thermometer is placed in a small wooden case having a double bottom throughout its length. In this double bottom are placed a certain number of lead balls than can run from one end of the case to the other, and of sufficient weight to render the instrument buoyant in sea water.

To use the apparatus, one end of a cord is passed through a hole in the case under the reservoir of the thermometer, and the other end is tied to the sounding line at a certain distance from the lead. While the line is descending the thermometer will remain reservoir downward; but when it is again drawn up the thermometer case will take the position indicated, and the column of mercury breaking in A will fall into the capillary tube, the divisions of which are reversed.

#### THE NEW MITRAILLEUR.

THE new mitrailleuse, a specimen of which has been exhibited at Wimbledon, has been submitted to a course of experimental firing on board her Majesty's ship "Excellent," with a view to test the improvements lately introduced by Dr. Gatling, the inventor. These consist of an improved form of feed case, fewer number of parts, and general simplicity of construction, but the principal alteration is made in affixing the crank-handle to the rear of the main shaft, thus the operation of turning the handle acts directly upon the shaft, and revolves the gun, or in other words, discharges the cartridges with amazing rapidity.

Captain Herbert, commanding H.M.S. "Excellent," and his first lieutenant (Lieutenant Ackland) evinced the utmost interest in the trials, and seemed satisfied with the working of the machine. Dr. Gatling's agent, Mr. Eccles, manipulated the piece, and though at first there were a few contretemps, owing chiefly to defective cartridges, the firing may be pronounced astounding; forty-two shots were fired in one second, more than once, and 650 rounds were fired continuously in 1 min. 9 sec. In this last experiment Captain E. Rogers, a privileged spectator of the proceedings, took the handle of the gun, while Mr. Eccles attended to the feed.

An automatic oscillating device was also used to show the scattering effect imparted to the bullets, which ranged some hundreds of yards to the right and left of the target at 650 yards, whilst at 1,000 yards, with concentrated action, the bullets riddled the canvas target in a manner that showed how unsafe it would be for the smallest boat to approach within range.

Altogether, a more perfect mitrailleuse could scarcely be devised, and it is satisfactory to know that it is in the power of our Ordnance Department to adopt these improvements at little cost.





[THE RECOGNITION.]

## THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE.

### CHAPTER XLV.

Now I know only  
My love loves me. THE HUNTER.

HERBERT LEAHOLME wondered much why he had never, since his arrival in England, heard of the stranger who, possessing so intimate a knowledge of his family affairs, had addressed him in the streets of Delhi.

But, a few days after that happy renewal of his love declaration to Evelyn Hedley, upon paying a visit to the Chase, he found him there, walking on the terrace with Lady Norman. They met, almost as old friends.

"Mr. Leaholme," he said, when they were alone, "I am now free to tell you a little more about yourself. Where are you staying now?"

"At the 'Norman Arms'; but what have you to tell me?"

"There were three men in India, years ago. Two were brothers—the third the friend of these. One of them was Evelyn's father."

"Who was suspected of—"

"No; who was assassinated in this house. He called himself Mainwaring. The reason, I cannot tell you. It was a crime, a black and frightful crime. Herbert Leaholme, your betrothed knows nothing of this. She is innocent as a flower in the field. You think I am taking a strange tone with you. Bear with me."

"But what was the crime?"

"None punishable by human law. It leaves no stain upon her, though it has cost her bitter misery."

"They were approaching the mansion."

"But what of my father?"

"Can you endure it, Herbert Leaholme? He was his brother, and his accomplice in the crime. He too is dead."

"Then, am I never to know the secret?"

"Evelyn has it in her possession, under seals which she hesitates to break. Get it from her, if you can; destroy it; and let the horrible mystery never be explained. For her sake—for your own, let it be for ever buried in the past, as dead as Judas. That is what I had to tell you."

"But there was a third?"

"Him whom you have known as Sir Norman Hedley. Augusta Fairleigh is his child; but he will never love her as he loved Evelyn. The fault is not his own. He was treacherously deceived. Indeed, for years, he knew nothing of either girl, believing them dead in their infancy. I cannot but blame Lady Norman for a part of this. She accused herself when it was too late, and many and agonised have been the tears she has shed upon the tomb of her murdered husband. And there was one other, besides myself, in the secret of these three."

"And that was—"

"Mathew Drake."

"But by what name am I to call you?"

"I am no one. I was Esther Drake's brother, and am only waiting to see the man who poisoned her brought to justice before returning to spend the remainder of my days in the East, where my broken heart lies buried. Now, forgive me if I have only told you half the truth. It rests with Evelyn Hedley to enlighten you further."

They went their several ways—the stranger to Cavalier Castle, where he and the eccentric old Knight who wore Stuart lace collars, were fast friends—and Herbert in search of Evelyn. In the drawing-room he met Lady Norman, evidently in a state of intense excitement. She stayed him.

"Herbert," she said, "go to Evelyn. Ask her, implore her, for the little packet which is in her possession, unopened. Secure it, if you have to snatch it out of her hand. Herbert

Leaholme, I tell you, there would be no wrong; it would be an act of mercy to obtain it from her by any, by even secret means. That man told me how it was sent to her. Oh! it contains that which, once seen, would ruin her young life for ever. Go! I must myself see it consumed to ashes!"

There was something even wild in her aspect, in her pallor, in the dilation of her eyes, and the almost despair of her tones.

Without a word, Leaholme obeyed, and sought his betrothed in her own dainty chamber where she loved to be with her books, her music, and her flowers. He knocked. There was no answer.

By right of custom he entered. There was no welcome—scarcely a recognition.

Nevertheless, the young girl was there, seated at the table with an open casket before her, and in her hands a paper upon which her eyes were fixed as if in unspeakable horror.

A great fear came into her lover's mind. He had heard of such a look on the countenance of one suddenly bereft of reason.

With a cry, as she swayed upon the chair, as if about to fall, he had caught her in his arms, trying at the same time to seize the paper. But with an arm that seemed hardened into iron, this beautiful Evelyn, in whose blue eyes there was no tear, repelled him, and she spoke in a voice strangely unlike her own.

How it contrasted with the sweet utterances of only a few days ago.

"Herbert," she said, pausing upon her words, "this room appears destined to be the scene of alternate comedies and tragedies in our lives. I knew my mother would send you here, and that is why I broke through my resolve. Herbert, you need not tell her. Let me be alone."

"Impossible, my darling, you are ill. Tell me what you have discovered that terrifies you in this way."

"Let me be alone—will you refuse me my wish, Herbert?" she pleaded, touching his

shoulder, and speaking very tenderly but very sadly now.

He could not but obey. But he had not gone the length of the corridor, before he heard her calling him to return.

Instantly he was with her again, slightly alarmed at this which he fancied to be a sign of caprice.

But the casket and the paper were out of sight, and there was no trace of where she had hidden them.

In vain he urged her to let him share the secret, whatever it might be, to cast it off from her like some hateful shadow of the past, to treat it as some irrevocable thing, belonging to oblivion alone. She only said:

"In all the terrors that have haunted me since I came to this dark house, I never imagined that I dreaded lest my father should, in a moment of passion, have done some great deed of human wrong; but never—never, Herbert—you know who he was?"

"At last, yes. And that we are cousins, dear Evelyn."

"Yes," she replied, with some strange meaning in her tone, and giving him her hand, "yes, dear Herbert, we are cousins."

"It was a crime," he said, looking fixedly into her face.

"It was a crime?" she repeated. "But never seek to know what crime."

"My father shared it," he answered, "and I must know."

"Not from me, Herbert; and I and my mother are alone in the awful knowledge. We shall never speak."

"You are wrong, my darling Evelyn," he answered, "there is one other, and that is Mathew Drake."

He had never seen upon a human countenance such an expression as that which momentarily played, as it were, like a flash of lightning upon Evelyn's face.

It passed away, and she seemed to be gazing into some far distance. Presently, however, she said:

"Herbert Leaholme, you will not dream of reaching my secret with the assistance of that villain? Promise me."

"I do," he replied.

He could in that moment have refused her nothing.

No, he would not have her pure name tainted by putting it on the lips of that man of many infamies.

"Once more, Herbert, leave me, and do not return. Think of me, and of what I have said. I shall take a resolution to-day, partly depending upon one to be taken by you. Come to me to-morrow, and so far as our fate in this life depends upon ourselves, for good or for evil, we shall know it. I wish to be left entirely alone. Kiss me, and think kindly of me, Herbert."

"He could not but do her bidding, so pathetic was her way, and locking the door, the young girl remained in a long, silent reverie, out of which she started as from a dream."

Then opening her place of concealment, impenetrable even by the curiosity of Mr. Mathew Drake, she took from it the two caskets, unlocking them both with a shudder.

Next, with one hand pressed tightly to her bosom, she again read through the paper which she had refused to show to Herbert Leaholme. Afterwards she opened the lockets and gazed mournfully upon the duplicates of that lovely face so perfectly reflected by her own.

Replacing them all, she once more relapsed into her meditative mood, and never knew when the light of that unhappy day had faded into darkness.

"My mother will be grieved if I act in this way," thought Evelyn, and went to wish good-night to Lady Norman.

But the entire household was at rest, and, for the first time, the young girl perceived that dawn was breaking in the east.

It was imperative that her weary heart should rest awhile; and she had soon fallen into the composure of a deep, dreamless sleep.

But before this blessing came, she had murmured to herself:

"Dare I?" and her lips moved silently for two or three sacred moments.

In the morning, Lady Norman, without actually questioning the young girl, kept turning upon her such a questioning glance that Evelyn felt compelled to notice it.

"My darling mother," she said, "ask me nothing. Let me, however, ask one thing. Herbert knows that there is a great and sad secret in my heart, but has not an inkling of what it is. Should that separate us for ever, or if he be willing, to let it remain so, ought our betrothal to be broken?"

"Least of all women upon earth should I answer that question," said Lady Norman, "Strange words, Evelyn, but you may believe them without blushing for your mother," and she drew back her beautiful head, and looked proudly in the face of her child.

"He is coming," Evelyn replied, "and I will see him alone."

That first interview, after the tragedy at Norman Chase, which both remembered only too well, was one of unmitigated sorrow.

That last one, renewing their betrothal, had been a meeting and a parting of almost childish delight.

This, which was to come, Evelyn had determined, should clear their future paths in one direction or another, whether they were to follow it hand-in-hand, or be separated as though they had never met.

It had taken the hours of a long vigil to form this resolve, and she felt in her conscience that it would be unalterable.

She welcomed her lover gravely, but fondly, saying, however, with a half-playful, half-melancholy smile:

"We are cousins, Herbert—no more until you have heard me. Listen."

"I am trembling," he said, earnestly, clasping her hands.

"If, Herbert," she began, "I lived in a different country, and were of a different faith, I might feel myself bound to retire into a cloister, renounce the world, and devote myself to praying for the peace of my father, beyond the grave. But I was never taught to rest my hopes upon any ideas of that kind, pious though they may be. What do you say, Herbert?"

"Nothing. You are sure to be right."

"Still, I tell you I have committed one act of supreme wickedness, not of what men call crime against the law—my father, Herbert, was no felon. What it was, I repeat, I dare not tell you. I ought not myself to know. It was wrong—sinfully wrong on my part to pry without permission into the secrets of the dead. But it is done, and their secrets are now mine—mine only, never to reveal—"

"But that man—that Mathew—"

"If he ever breathes the awful truth he will in all likelihood mix it up with the falsehood that is natural to him. Refuse to believe it, coming from his poisonous lips, that is, if you believe me."

He could not help it; he took her to his heart, declaring that his faith in her purity and truth should never be shaken, though clouds of witness assailed her.

"And now," she continued, "this moment decides our lives."

"Evelyn!" he interrupted, "I anticipate what you would say. You will ask whether I, knowing this dark secret is in your heart, and is locked against me, will hold you to your plighted word, and still feel myself blessed above all men in possessing your love, and your promise to be my wife. It was that, was it not, my dearest?"

"Yes," and she bent her graceful head, her face overmantled by a vivid blush.

He laid it on his arm with the tenderness of a woman.

"You are more than ever mine, my beloved," he whispered, and there was silence for a while.

But, suddenly, with a loud exclamation, he rose to his feet.

"Heavens!" he ejaculated, "can it be true?"

"Herbert, what is it? you frighten me," cried the young girl.

"Nothing, darling, that will make our love

less happy." But still he repeated, "can it possibly be true?"

It was true, and he had guessed her secret. Each of them had a secret now.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

A fierce, unhidden feast he made,  
And the house was foul with woe.  
ÆSCHYLUS.

"I CANNOT suffer her to live in this state of trepidation," thought Herbert Leaholme, as he wended his way towards the Cavalier Tower. "It will wear away her mind. That man must tell me his name, and more than his name. Yet, whom am I to ask for?"

The Cavalier Tower, situated not far from the Chase, was a half-ruinous old building, tenanted by an equally half-ruinous if not equally old knight—Sir Garnett Gomm, who had served in the Indian wars, and was reputed to have amassed no small wealth.

People thought him mad, principally on account of certain peculiarities in his costume, and the fact that he never permitted a woman to enter the Tower.

A very amiable gentleman otherwise, and the pink of courtesy.

He was alighting from his horse when Leaholme reached the door, and recognised the salute, if not the individual. Herbert introduced himself, adding:

"I heard that a friend of mine was staying here, Sir Garnett," but, strange to say, though we met in India, and, this very morning, at the Chase, I do not know his name."

"If he did not give it to you, of course I must not," answered the battered old knight; "but come in, Mr. Leaholme; it's not too early, I hope, for a jug of claret."

Herbert accepted the invitation, in the hope of hearing something.

A table was spread with the meal which vulgar people, desirous of showing off a knowledge of Anglo-Indian slang, call "tiffin."

"You have visited at the Chase, Sir Garnett," said the younger man, removing the amber tube of a long cherry-stick pipe from between his lips, and accepting a goblet of the rich red wine. The old man eyed him like a hawk.

"Did you know the Hedleys in India?"

"You have a reason for asking?" he replied.

"Frankly, I have—a very deep and dear reason, Sir Garnett," said Leaholme.

"Pshaw!" whistled the other, jumping out of his chair; "are you aware that there is madness in the family?"

Under other circumstances, Herbert Leaholme would certainly have been startled, and might possibly have been offended.

But he was neither, for a question rose rapidly to his mind, which, however, he instinctively answered for himself.

Instead of asking it, he asked another, premising:

"I hope not. Is it long since you returned from the East?"

"Never been five miles from this place for the last thirty years," was the old knight's answer, and though he had come to the Tower expressly for information, it was a very satisfactory one to Mr. Herbert Leaholme.

"Mad, yourself!" he thought. "Well, it's clear the old idiot knows nothing."

So they fell into indifferent talk; and just when the superannuated hero had dropped asleep, Herbert's reticent Indian acquaintance returned, and welcomed him warmly to the Tower, as if he himself had a right to be there, and asked if he could serve him.

"Can we not be alone?" asked Herbert, in a whisper.

The stranger led him, forthwith, to an upper room, and repeated his question:

"May I not know your name?" were Herbert's first words.

"Certainly, if it's of any importance. Thornton—Richard Thornton—brother of Mathew Drake's unhappy wife. Give me as much of your confidence as you can, Herbert Leaholme."



The young man reflected. He could not, in honour, detail his interviews with Evelyn. Still, what was he seeking, and how was he to be led towards the light, if he persistently kept himself in the dark?

The other waited, without breaking in upon his silence.

"What do you know of Mr. Mathew Drake, Mr. Thornton?" at length inquired his companion.

It was, this time, Richard Thornton's turn to remain mute, as if revolving in his mind some perplexity whence there seemed no escape. After a long pause, however, he said:

"Has Miss Hedley told you all she herself knows of him, apart, I mean, from anything that has happened outside of Norman Chase, or, at any rate, in England?"

"I have not asked her?"

"Then do, or, better, will she see me?"

There was something in his look and tone that prompted Herbert Leatholme to a quick resolution.

They went together to the Chase, had a brief conference with Lady Norman, and then requested an interview with Miss Evelyn Hedley.

She granted it, and they found her sitting in her favourite room with the trusted old servant, Martha Page.

"This," she said, after a few introductory words, "is my dear nurse, Martha Page. There is nothing I can tell you which I may not tell her. But what are your objects?"

"I think—I am sure, Miss Hedley," replied Richard Thornton, with a firmness admitting of no doubt, "that I can rid you of this man. But to begin with, do you want merely to render him harmless, or to punish him?"

With equal—with, if possible, greater firmness, and far more emphasis, she answered:

"To punish him!"

Then she told the long tale of his villainies, or such as were known to her—his arrival at the Chase, his stealthy but imperious manners, his strange familiarity with the master of the mansion, his furtive night wanderings, and his insolence towards her father and herself.

At the word "father," Richard Thornton could not repress an almost imperceptible smile.

She went on to tell how he had ransacked the house, and robbed her rooms, played the parts of thief and spy at the same time, haunted the chamber in which the murder had been done, and declared his intention of marrying her, with her consent or without it.

"Did you ever, Mr. Thornton," she asked, inflamed by the recollection of that insult, which turned all her blood to gall, "observe a scar across his face?"

Richard Thornton had certainly noticed it, and wondered at the cause.

"I struck him with my whip, and left it there," she went on, without remarking the astonished expression on the faces of her listeners, proceeding to describe her luring away and abduction by him, her forced detention at and escape from the Black Moat, the falsehoods he had spread concerning herself, the cruel suspicions by which she had been repulsed from door to door, his midnight thefts and forgeries, and the way in which she baffled them—

"You have the documents, Miss Hedley?" interposed Thornton.

"Safe, and something else—"

Her preparation of the figure and discovery of the cord, at which both of her listeners literally leaped out of their seats, first with wonder at her courage, then with exultation over her success, and so forth, omitting, however, all mention of the lockets, the oaks, and the mysterious proceedings of him who for a brief time had ruled at Norman Chase. An unwise reservation as it proved.

"Will you follow my advice, Miss Hedley?" said Thornton, after a silence that had lasted several minutes.

"And that is?"

"To have this Mathew Drake arrested on the triple charge of abduction, forgery and murder!"

"But I dare not."

"You have done marvels, miracles almost, young lady; but there must be another hand in this business, and that shall be mine."

"Have you then any interest in his fate?" she asked, her curiosity intensely excited.

"A woman lay dead in this house not long ago?" was his reply, put in a questioning form.

"Yes; what was she to you?"

"My sister and his wife, the miscreant!" he ejaculated, rising.

"Still I cannot do it!" said Evelyn. "I am distracted. Never will there be peace for any who have fallen within the influence of this fatal house until that man is brought to account for his crimes, and yet I dread the irrevocable step. Mr. Thornton—Herbert, hear me; has not my life been like some fearful dream? I am claimed as by a father, and after learning to love him, find he is no parent of mine at all. I seek him who has been personated, and his grave has been shown to me. I meet my mother, and she begins by repudiating me. I have been once nearly dragged and once nearly dragged into a marriage that would kill me. My only friends have been estranged, my only love poisoned by suspicion of me. My heart will break, and I know not what to do!"

She had risen at the same time with Richard Thornton and Leatholme; but now tottered to a chair.

They saw that the interview, from which so much had been hoped, was over.

Herbert stayed to console the new half-incoherent girl, sending his friend to look for Lady Norman.

Leaving Evelyn in her loving hands, they took their departure from the Chase towards the little hostelry, the "Norman Arms."

During the entire way, Richard Thornton did not utter a word.

His face was pale; his teeth were clenched; every now and then a kind of spasm seemed to convulse him.

Arrived at the Inn, they went up to Herbert's room, and then his companion spoke:

"I am choking," he said, "send for some water."

Herbert sent, but not for water. He dreaded lest this man, whose acquaintance he had so strangely made, should drop on the floor in a fit.

He drank the wine, rested his elbows on the table, and buried his face in his hands. When he lifted it up, a heavy perspiration rolled in large drops from his forehead.

"Are you ill?" said Herbert, anxiously.

"No, only thinking. Can you forgive me, Leatholme, if I forgot for a moment your present trouble, and my own, to speak of a friend, whom I have shamefully forgotten?"

"Neither of us is so selfish as that, I hope."

"Well, the remembrance of it always makes me faint, almost to sickness. He had a wife, dearly loved, and there was one other; the first was driven to destroy her own life, and that other came to an untimely death through the machinations of the same man."

"Horrible!" Herbert could not help inter-rupting. "Could he prove it?"

"He could, but only by wrecking the happiness of many. And as the man walked the earth unpunished, and the dead lay in its breast unavenged. This my friend saw, and knew, too, that the wretch was making a new feast of guilt, unhallowed and barbarous, without a hand held forth to stay him."

"Terrible!"

"It was a case of conscience, you know," Thornton went on, with rather a ghastly smile. "He dared not endanger the whole happiness of those whom he honoured and loved," he added, as if an after-thought had struck him; "but still less could he suffer a scandal to go with his dark work unchecked."

"I fancied," thought Leatholme, "he was making up a parable applicable to our own case. But it cannot be. It is impossible he should love any one connected with it. They are all strangers to him. Well," he said aloud, "and what did your friend do?"

"He executed justice with his own hand."

"You do not mean—" exclaimed Herbert.

"He slew him!" shouted the other, as in a triumphant frenzy, starting from his chair, pacing the room, and repeating the words each time that he turned to face his friend; "he sought him in his den, and stabbed him through and through! Was he right, Herbert?"

"How can I tell, Thornton. It was very awful."

"Would you have denounced him?" asked Thornton, clutching his friend's arm, and looking fiercely into his eyes.

"Is he a maniac?" was Herbert's unuttered question to himself.

The man went on:

"Not it was the arm of Heaven that struck the threefold murderer, the ten times threefold miscreant met with the punishment due to him; the voice of the blasphemer and slanderer was silenced, and he could do no more wrong in this world. You do not answer? I will answer for you. Herbert Leatholme, my friend, you know, you feel, that this, my other friend, was right."

"What became of him?"

"I do not know. He did not care. Why should he?"

Then springing to the door, he had opened, shut, and locked it behind him before Herbert could recover from an astonishment amounting, for the moment, to stupefaction.

He saw it all now; he knew the man's purpose, and a feeling of great horror and pity took possession of his heart.

But what was to be done? It was out of the question for him to become the accomplice in an act of assassination, however judicial the spirit that prompted it.

Well did he understand the motive—revenge for his own wrongs—friendship for himself, and solicitude for Evelyn.

He would save Richard Thornton, if possible.

It was some little time before he could obtain his release from the room.

The people of the inn wondered, but he offered no explanation.

"Which way did my friend go?" was all he said.

They could not tell.

If they had, the information would not have been worth much.

He neither knew where Mathew Drake was to be found, nor where Richard Thornton was likely to seek him.

Still an attempt must be made.

But Richard Thornton, flying like the wind, pursued no uncertain path.

A sort of fanatic exaltation seemed to lift him from the ground as he bounded along.

Voices from a dark and miserable past were sounding in his ear.

It was deep evening, though not yet night, but still he saw in his mind's eye, clearer than the clearest light that ever broke upon this earth, two groups: one of mourners gathered round an open grave in a grove of palms, with the level rays of a red sun crimsoning a coffin-lid that was just disappearing in the earth; the other, a woman, dying alone in a darkened room, with only one in all this world who loved her, and he thousands upon thousands of miles away.

At length, flushed and breathless, he stopped.

"I must wait," he said, aloud, "his doom must fall upon him in the night. Ah!" he cried, with savage exultation, "he is there!"

A light gleamed from a window high up in the frontage of the Black Moat.

Indubitably, it was the den of Mathew Drake. Five hours did the man wait, never once taking his eyes off that light.

Then he drew forth something that shone in the moonbeams, passing his hand along it carefully.

"Pray for yourself, Mathew Drake," he said, but in a lower tone, "there are none to pray for you."

And he approached the small side door through which Evelyn had made her escape, and through which, also, Esther had been carried, dying.

No need for him to grope his way.

He was at the door he sought without making a devious step.

It was partly open, and a lamp burned dimly on the table.

With something like a shudder, half of joy and half of horror, Richard Thornton looked into the room where Mathew Drake lay sleeping heavily.

(To be Continued.)

## THE INVISIBLE COMMODORE; OR, THE SECRETS OF THE MILL.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

At an early hour of the morning succeeding his shipwreck the false major took his way to the scene of disaster.

The sea was still running high, but the force of the wind had notably diminished, and there was a rosy tinge in the eastern sky which showed that the day would be clear and fine.

"The money is, of course, safe enough," muttered the pirate, arising after a long and careful survey of the scene; "nevertheless, I may as well take a good look at it."

He descended slowly to the beach and to the rocks, looking at every step for the dead bodies of his late companions.

A number of them were still visible, but were invariably so battered and torn by the fury of the sea that it would have been simply impossible for their best friends to have recognised them.

"Evidently every man of them is dead," muttered the pirate, marking the distinctness of his footprints in the sand, and noting that not a single trace of any kind was visible upon the whole stretch of shore presented to his gaze. "If anyone of them has escaped he would be within hail at this moment, or, at least, he would respond to a call."

He waded out to the scene of the wreck and soon had the pleasure of finding the treasure which had played such an important part in his previous calculations.

A few bags of it had been scattered and partially buried inside of the extreme point of the reef, but the great mass of it had been dropped in a heap at the precise spot where the schooner had broken up, and the white canvas bags in which it was contained were plainly visible in four or five feet of water. The pirate smiled with grim satisfaction.

"I shall not have the least trouble in recovering it all," he muttered, "as soon as the sea becomes calm again. And perhaps it is as well that I am the sole possessor. I haven't the least fear of being obliged to remain here for ever. At the very worst, I will undertake to build a craft large enough to take me to some port whence I can sail for Europe."

"There will be no trouble about our living here," he said to himself, as he started upon his return, after securing sundry pans and pots from the effects washed ashore. "This elegant breakfast is only a fair sample of what will be forthcoming."

He was soon surprised to see Essie coming towards him. His heart quickened its beatings at the sight.

She looked as rosy as the morn itself, despite all the fatigues and perils she had passed through.

Perhaps she looked more serious and thoughtful than he had ever before seen her, but even these visible preoccupations did not seriously mar the charms of her beauty.

"If I could only win her by fair means," said the pirate to himself, "and perhaps I can—under all the circumstances—with patience!"

It will be seen that he was mindful of his surroundings, if not so very hopeful of the desired end.

"You are astir earlier than I expected, Miss Essie," was his greeting when he met her.

"I thought I would take due notice of my surroundings," she responded, gravely. "You will please accept my thanks for your thoughtful kindness in giving up to me the cavern for my own use."

"No thanks are necessary, Miss Morrow," the pirate hastened to protest. "I claim no merit whatever for the proceeding. It is so warm in these latitudes that I need no shelter. How did you rest?"

"Not very well, of course—after what has happened."

"You haven't slept at all, I fear?"

"No, sir. And you?"

"Oh, I always sleep, if the opportunity is offered me. And after our arrival here I was unusually weary—partly, no doubt, on account of the sleeplessness of the night preceding."

"Your opinion of last night is confirmed, I suppose?" asked Essie. "We are the sole survivors?"

"With the probable exception of Miss Clyde and Captain Mallet," answered the pirate. "They were with us, you know, long after we passed that fatal point, and I think they have managed to reach the island. If they have been so fortunate, they will, of course, put in an appearance hereabouts in the course of the day."

Essie sighed profoundly. She had little hope of Miss Clyde's preservation, and not the least faith in the suggestion of the pirate to that effect.

She had perception enough to doubt his good faith in that particular as in everything else.

"It seems that we are not to starve," she observed, noticing the supplies of provisions the pirate had secured. "You have even recovered the necessary utensils for cooking. This is better than I expected. You are, of course, hungry, after all your fatigues and exposures. I will get breakfast as soon as possible."

He led the way back to the cavern, and found Captain Mallet and Miss Clyde quietly seated by the fire which was still burning in front of it.

The meeting of the young ladies was as joyful as unexpected.

Even the two pirates, after a first moment of awkward constraint, seemed each relieved and glad to find that the other had escaped from the terrible disaster.

"The story of our rescue can be briefly told," explained Florence, after greetings had been exchanged. "Captain Mallet succeeded in grasping another piece of wreck after we were separated from you, and we probably had about the same luck as yourselves, save that we landed farther to the eastward. We passed the night under a tree-top, without any particular inconvenience, except that we were sore and exhausted. You seem to have rather had the advantage of us."

Essie lost no time in giving the necessary particulars of their own experience, and the two pirates discussed the situation of affairs, rejoicing visibly at having the treasure still at their disposal.

After breakfast the pirates signified their intention of securing their treasure where it would be forthcoming whenever an opportunity should be afforded them of leaving the island, and the young ladies were thus left to themselves.

They naturally spent the whole forenoon in rambling along the shore and in discussing their forlorn situation.

The dinner provided by the pirates was even better than their breakfast, and it was discussed by them with a cheerfulness which attested that they were by no means in despair over their situation.

They returned in due course to the completion of their task respecting the treasure, and the young ladies were left at liberty to take another ramble along the shores and through the woods around them.

As was very natural, their whole thought and conversation was of escape from the two pirate captains.

"If the weather were fine," declared Essie,

"I would not hesitate to push off on a raft, and let the winds and currents take us wherever they would."

"Nor I, Essie, if we had a few days' provisions. The thought of escape is the one wild thought that fills my whole soul."

"We could make a raft from pieces of the wreck," suggested Essie, "or we may even find a piece of the deck large enough for our purpose. Let's take a look along the beach between your landing-place and ours. There are several quiet and retired nooks thereabouts where we could build a raft without fear of detection."

They took their way in the desired direction, the thought of an early flight growing upon them at every step.

They had reached one of the most wooded and retired points of the shore when they were suddenly startled by seeing a Carib canoe, which lay high and dry upon a sandy shore, just within the mouth of a deep creek, where a storm had evidently cast it.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Essie, with breathless joy. "What if it should be fit for a voyage!"

They hastened to examine the canoe, and found that it could be made serviceable without much trouble.

Some sand had been cast into it by the waves which had washed it ashore, and there was a great hole in one side of it where it had come in contact with a sharp rock at the moment of being cast up by the sea.

But these drawbacks were easily remedied by two such capable and active girls, and in less than half an hour after finding the canoe they had it afloat in a fair, serviceable condition—with what joy the reader can readily imagine.

"The finding of this canoe is simply providential, Florence," said Essie.

"I agree with you, dear," returned Florence, embracing Essie with the fervency of a wildly joyous hope. "Let us start at once. The pirates don't dream of any such project."

"Quick, then!" proposed Essie, excitedly. "The sooner we are off the better!"

They returned in great excitement to the cavern, and were further encouraged in their project by finding that the two pirates were still absent.

They supplied themselves with pieces of board that served very well the purpose of paddles, and they were familiar enough with boats and with the sea to feel competent to take care of themselves in any probable contingencies of the voyage.

"We will, of course, remain near the shore for the present, and so avail ourselves of the shelter afforded by the island," suggested Essie. "Like all the Carib boats, this canoe is so light and so easily managed that we would have to be very great idiots to upset it."

"I do not have the least fear," returned Florence as she grasped her improvised paddle resolutely. "And even if we were doomed to perish, better death than to remain with those cruel men, from whose hands we can only expect evil and sorrow."

They pushed bravely out into the swell which was still raging, and were gladdened beyond measure at finding that the canoe rode the waves as lightly as a duck.

But scarcely were they clear of the shore, and in the act of debating the propriety of pushing out boldly into the sea, when horrible yells and curses arose from the shore they had just quitted.

Looking back, they saw the two pirates dancing about in the creek in the wildest surprise and excitement.

The couple had arrived just a minute too late!

"Come back! Come back!" they cried, in concert. "You will be drowned! A storm is coming! You are sure to perish if you persist in this attempt!"

"We will take our chances," returned Essie, calmly. "We shall not come back, you may be certain!"

The pirates rushed after them, swimming boldly in pursuit; but the girls had only to ply



their paddles to soon widen the distance to such an extent as to show the pursuers the hopelessness of their attempt at overtaking the fair fugitives.

The oaths and vain threats with which they returned to the shore, panting and consternated, can be only faintly imagined!

Once convinced that their intended victims had really given them the slip, Captain Mallet and the false major set to abusing each other like—pirates!

"It is your fault, sir!" finished Mallet. "I would have kept my eye upon them!"

"Excuse me," concluded the false major, "it was a man about my size who proposed to you to adjourn the whole business of the treasure until to-morrow!"

The facts were, neither of the two men had so much as regarded the escape of the young ladies as among the possibilities.

"Come, come," cried Mallet, after a thoughtful pause, "this is too much like crying for spilt milk. The girls have found a canoe unexpectedly, and have simply availed themselves of the means thus placed at their disposal. Neither of us can be blamed for what has happened!"

This was so manifestly the case that good feeling and fellowship was at once restored between the two ruffians.

"The question is not, therefore," resumed Captain Mallet, "as to whose fault it is that they have taken such leave of us, but as to how we are to recover them."

"That's so," assented the false major, frankly. "To begin with, I must say that they have shown as much sense as courage. The wind has blown out, and the sea is going down rapidly, so that they may safely count upon a few days of fine weather. The canoe, too, is light as a feather, and easily handled."

"And what is equally to the point," exclaimed Captain Mallet, "the dear darlings have done all they could to supply themselves with stores, fairly plundering the island. They have carried off about the only water-keg that came ashore in fair condition, and can live a week or ten days without further assistance."

"But let us look into the matter a little closer," proposed the false major, as his face assumed a tangled expression. "They have got clear of the island, to be sure, but what of it? Whither are they going? What real benefit are they going to secure by this measure?"

"Well, as a first result," replied Mallet, "they are going to rid themselves of our company. You don't expect another canoe to turn up for our use, I suppose!"

"No, we are not so lucky as that," assured the false major.

"Well, we can't swim after them," declared Mallet; "nor can we push off on a log to their capture."

"Granted. All granted," cried the false major, with sudden cheerfulness and relief, "but it by no means follows that we are at the end of our rope. There is plenty of good timber at our disposal at the end of the island, and we have nails and other materials—everything that is necessary to build a raft of a light and handy form, and we also have canvas enough for a sail, as well as a bit of spar to serve for a mast."

"Why, what would you suggest?" demanded Mallet, with sudden excitement.

"Suggest?" repeated the false major, significantly. "I would simply suggest that we make the best of our situation. Listen. The girls are embarked in a mere thimble of a canoe. There are a thousand leagues of salt water before them, in which there is not the remotest sign of a reef or an island. They are not aware of these facts, but we are and have only to act accordingly. Let's climb to the top of the cliff, and then I will tell you what further I have to say on this subject."

The two pirates lost no time in gaining the elevation indicated, from which they sent a comprehensive glance in every direction around them.

"There they are, you see," said the false major, gesticulating in the direction in which

the fugitives were plainly visible. "They are not paddling, you will notice; they do not propose to use up their strength in any such manner. They are simply drifting with the wind and currents, but no faster than even a feather would drift in the same direction. Given the directions and the velocities in the case, are we not navigators enough to calculate within a hundred yards where that canoe will be at twelve o'clock to-night or at noon to-morrow?"

Mallet's face flushed with eager hope. His eyes glistened savagely.

"You mean, then," he cried, "that we will pursue them?"

"Exactly!"

"But how? Let's have the details!"

"They shall be forthcoming, as we walk in the direction of the scene of our proposed operations," said the false major. "We must be as prompt as resolute. At the very worst, we can have those girls in our hands again before this time to-morrow."

"I think I get your idea," commented Mallet, as he followed his companion. "We are to build a light raft, and put to it a sail, and hastily gather what supplies we can for a voyage, and—"

"The very thing," interrupted the false major, quickening his pace. "We'd be idiots to delay a single moment."

In due course they reached the end of the island.

"First of all we want several large sticks for the basis of our raft," suggested Mallet, looking eagerly around.

"And here they are—the fragments of the schooner's masts, which went by the board with the first crash," responded the false major. "That axe we fished up this morning will be even more handy than imagined. While you are getting your foundation together, I will produce the nails and ropes and all the other materials for putting the thing together strongly."

The zeal and energy with which the two pirates set to work upon this basis can be readily imagined.

At the end of three hours they had at their disposal a raft of light pine timber, about twenty feet in length by seven or eight in width, sharp at each end, and lashed and nailed and floored with such care that it would have required a severe gale to rend its component parts asunder.

By this time the sun was near the horizon, with every promise of one of those fine spells of weather which habitually alternate with the fall gales in the tropics.

"You see that we are on the right track, Mallet?" cried the false major, as full of admiration as of joy at what had been already accomplished.

"We are indeed!"

"We must now see where the girls are," proposed the false major, and fix the bearings before dark. As the matter is of the first consequence, you had better come with me, bringing your glass."

"All right. It's really time to rest a moment," said Mallet. "I haven't done so much work in twenty years as this afternoon."

The two men took their way eagerly to a commanding elevation, Mallet taking along his glass, which had turned up uninjured among the other effects of the wreck.

From this elevation their gaze had a wide sweep, and they readily detected the whereabouts of the canoe, which was scarcely five miles from the beach from which it had started.

"You see what easy work they are making of it," said Mallet, after looking long and earnestly at the fugitives through his glass. "One of them is reclining in the canoe, while the other keeps it before the wind."

The false major contemplated the fugitives a full minute in silence.

"Yes, there they are, at our mercy," he then said. "Let's hurry in pursuit of them. I fairly burn to let them know that their little scheme is a failure. All we have to do now is to get water and provisions, and to set up our sail, with a sheet to each corner of the raft, and away we go."

"Lively, then," exclaimed Mallet, with corresponding eagerness. "I am anxious to get clear of the island as soon as our proposed movements are veiled by the necessary darkness."

Returning to their raft, they raised their mast and sail, securing both in the manner the false major had suggested.

"You see that we are going to have our own way, Mallet!" cried the false major, at the end of a long and glowing description of the raft's qualities.

"I do indeed! We'll overhaul the girls before midnight."

They went on with the eagerness corresponding to these hopes, directing all their efforts and energies to the success of the measure upon which they had entered.

"Fortunately the night is bright, so that we have the stars to steer by," remarked Mallet, after a long silence. We are well enough armed, too—if the desperate creatures should think of resistance."

It seemed to the two pirates that nothing more remained to be said.

By their prompt and able counter-movement, they had placed themselves in a fair way to recover all they had lost, and it may be taken for granted that they intended to take such measures as would prevent them from having any repetitions of such trouble in the future.

"They were just about here when we saw them at sunset," at length said Mallet, breaking a long silence.

"Just about! And as the winds and currents remain unchanged, we can calculate exactly where they are at this moment and when we shall overhaul them. We are going six knots at this minute, if an inch, Mallet."

"So we are. I was just wondering why we did not think of the raft sooner. But everything must have its turn and place, of course. What with the treasure and the girls and our supplies of food, we had, of course, enough to see to!"

For two hours longer they pursued on in the course they had taken, too busy and excited to say a great deal, but giving their best attention to the management of the raft.

From time to time they made a slight deviation in their route, as circumstances seemed to require, and so sure were both of them of the complete success of their manœuvre that they even fixed the moment when they would again have the fugitives in their keeping.

Given all the elements of the calculation, it was easy to compute that they would overhaul the canoe precisely at midnight.

"Won't they be astonished?" murmured Mallet, chuckling with anticipated triumph.

"And won't we rejoice?" returned the false major. "For my part, I break out into a cold sweat every time I reflect how narrowly we have missed losing them."

The raft continuing to glide onward, the moment came eventually when it seemed necessary to the two men to watch for the canoe.

They now lowered their voices to mere whispers, and in all their movements and proceedings took good care not to cause the least noise that could announce their presence to the fugitives.

For nearly an hour did they continue this profound watchfulness, and then, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, the false major transferred himself uneasily to the side of his companion.

"Can it be that we have run past them in the darkness?" he whispered.

"Not a bit of it," answered Mallet, glancing at the stars. "You are too impatient. The time is not quite up. But—there they are!"

The assurance thrilled the false major to the very depths of his being, as he looked in the direction indicated—almost straight ahead.

"Sure enough!" he muttered.

The outlines of the canoe were indeed visible in the gloom just ahead of the eager pursuers.

"You see how easily they are taking the thing," whispered Mallet. "The sea having

become so calm as to offer no danger they have gone to sleep."

"That's only natural," returned the false major. "It's perfectly certain that they did not sleep a wink last night, and I daresay exhausted nature has surprised them. Hold her just as you are going. I will step forward and prevent the canoe from coming into collision with us."

In another moment the raft was alongside the canoe, which the false major caught in his hands, and by a mutual impulse of malignant joy the two pirates uttered a yell of triumph that could have been heard a mile over the waters.

And then, at a supplementary cry from the false major, the couple peered more searchingly into the canoe.

The girls were no longer in it! It was empty and deserted!

(To be Continued.)

CONSCIENCE AND REASON.—Conscience is your magnetic needle. Reason is your chart. But I would rather have a crew willing to follow the indications of the needle, and giving themselves no great trouble as to the chart, than a crew that had ever so good a chart and no needle at all.

## THE MYSTERY OF RAVENSWALD:

A TALE OF

## THE FIRST CRUSADE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

"Look ye, Wartenfels," said Tancred, "the discovery of this spy in our very midst has led me to the thought that you may be right, after all, and that the mysterious visitants of the old crypt are but flesh and blood."

"I am glad to hear you say so, my lord," responded Wartenfels.

It lacked an hour of midnight when the cavalcade was ready to set forth from the abbey and its numbered six-and-twenty horses.

But there was coming a change over the substance of the dream.

By-and-bye there was commotion at the head of the column.

The neigh of a horse had been heard at a short distance in advance, and a man had come back from the chief with orders for the cavalcade to close up.

There were no signs of danger—no grounds for fears—but it would be better to be prepared.

His speech was brought to a stop by the appearance of a body of horsemen, led by a knight of powerful frame, clad in complete plate armour.

They dashed out from the thicket, to the number of five-and-twenty, and drew up in regular order, facing the party from the abbey.

"Pick them off where they are!" shouted the knight who had ridden forth from the cover in advance; and in answer to his command, his followers commenced to discharge arrows, and hurl light javelins.

Red Rudolf gave the order to charge! And putting spurs to his horse, with his lance ready for the stroke, he dashed forward, with his trusty comrades close about him.

Half of those who were exposed went down beneath the onset, some of them never again to arise.

Rudolf had overthrown two horsemen with his lance, when, coming to close quarters, he threw the cumbersome weapon aside, and drew from its sheath his ponderous, well-balanced, and well-used battle-axe.

But—What is this?

Just as the Knight of Wildberg was congratulating himself that the victory was won, in answer to a bugle blast full a hundred armed men sprang forth.

What could a mere handful do against such a host?

Rudolf's devoted knights still fought by his side, not one of them stricken down, but they were growing weak, and must soon have fallen, had not Hafenzell arrived at that moment upon the scene.

The battle-cry of the giant was like a peal of thunder, and when his towering form caught and reflected back the moonbeams from the enormous helm and cuirass, and the mighty blade was seen circling in the air, the warriors who had drooped but a moment before now took on new strength with the suddenly elevated hopes, while those who had thought themselves full surely victorious, shrunk back in terror from the onset of the Schwarzwald Hercules and his devoted band.

Lionel saw the last of the foemen either go down, or give way and flee—saw his father safe, with Hafenzell at his side—and then he turned his horse's head, and rode back to where he had left Mary.

It had been found that Tancred and the Lord of Wartenfels had sped away before the arrival of Hafenzell, and it was afterwards ascertained that they had gone with a detachment that had carried off the Lady Mary.

Our hero tried with all his might to put away the foreboding of evil, but it would not away at his bidding.

Meantime a wonderful revelation was being made in Mary's chamber.

Old Marcia—the woman who had been Mary's nurse—had loved Mary from the first.

"Mary," the old woman began, "I must be brief, for I know not what may come to interrupt us. The plan is laid to make you wife of the Baron Gerard on the morrow. Father Clement is away, and I cannot get word to the abbot. Every avenue of the castle is strictly guarded."

"But my father—does he live?"

"Yes."

"Oh—Marcia! Where—where is he?"

"My child, they had started to take you to him when this last calamity befel. Your father is no longer Karl, the simple duke, but—Lothaire, Emperor of Germany!"

Mary caught her breath, and started to her feet.

For a brief space she gazed into the old woman's face; then she grew pale, and a shadow fell upon her eyes, and she reached out her hands, clutching at the empty air, and reeling like one suddenly paralysed.

A moment so, and then, as from a breaking heart, went forth a cry, sharp, agonised, and loud.

Shortly afterwards a score of men-at-arms, bruised, and worn, and sober-visaged, led by Dombilitz, rode into the court.

Tancred beheld, and was confounded. It looked like the shattered remnant of a whipped and routed troop.

"Now, Dombilitz—of the Red Knight and his force, did they keep on to the north?"

"No, my lord, they returned this way, else we should have been here long ago."

"Returned—this—way! Impossible. Nothing has been seen—not a sound heard of them."

"Surely, my lord, there is nothing marvellous in that. They could approach the abbey by the path of the Adlernest, and from our towers be never seen."

As the grand duke turned to his next work he seemed to be moving like a man in a mad dream—in a delirium which gave him strength and courage.

In his horizon was gathering a storm which could mean nothing short of utter ruin, and yet he stood up, resolved to be brave to the end.

After Dombilitz had gone he sought his officers—the few left to him—and directed that every avenue of approach to the castle should be strictly guarded.

"By the powers above me!" he swore, "I will not be thwarted this time!"

Ah! if he could have known what was going on at that very moment, and within the castle which he was so carefully guarding, he might have taken that oath less confidently; for, while he spoke, and for some time before, dimly outlined, mystic forms had been filing into the deep crypt by way of the secret avenue leading from the chapel—had been filing through the crypt to the stone steps ascending to the great old hall of state.

And up those steps they were climbing, man after man, seeming, ghostly enough in the gloomsomeness of the chamber of the dead, but looking far different in the light that poured in through the high arched windows of the vast hall.

There were churchmen and soldiers—prelates and monks, knights and men-at-arms—a grand and imposing assembly.

And yet, grand and imposing though it was, and significant of mighty results, not a soul of the household of Ravenswald, from its lord down to its scullion, dreamed that a living thing moved in the whole keep.

"Now!" cried the grand duke, stamping his foot upon the pavement, "let the work go on, and let the deed be accomplished! Ah, my dear Gerard, you little dream the value of the prize I am placing in your possession; but you shall know in good time. Cyprian! Bertram! Bring forth the Lady Mary; and let the girl Elfrida come with her."

Shortly after the two henchmen had left the chamber the inmates were startled by the shrill, cracking blast of a trumpet, sounded by lips well used to the work.

Tancred caught his breath. It did not sound like his trumpet. He had no man in his train who could blow such a blast.

And Mary and Elfrida heard that blast. Our heroine had slept until almost up to the present time, and during the process of her toilet she had thought more of the wondrous dreams which had visited her pillow than of the darker theme.

In fact, the remembrance of the calamity that had befallen her, strange as it may seem, had been for the time almost forgotten.

She heard the blast of the trumpet, and at the same instant the door communicating with the hall was opened, and Cyprian made his appearance.

"Lady, I am instructed by your august father—"

"Silence, man! You have not seen her father!"

With a low cry Mary turned, and beheld Father Clement entering the room by way of a wide opening in the wainscoting; but he came not alone.

Behind him were Lionel and Kenneth, and two stout men-at-arms.

While the monk advanced and spoke quietly with the astounded messenger of the duke, Mary sprang to the embrace of her dear lover, finding her pleasant, happy dreams but the forerunners of a joy that uplifted her soul once more to praise and thanksgiving.

And Father Clement's influence over the grim henchman of the lord of the castle was as strange as it was complete. Meekly Cyprian bowed his head, and acknowledged a new allegiance!

Tancred found speech while the reverberations of the trumpet blast were yet upon the air, and he had commanded an attendant to go out and ascertain the source thereof when the winding blast was repeated, only this time it was louder and longer.

And the blast was not all. From a distance, outpoured from stentorian lungs, came the shout:

"A herald!"

And in a moment more was heard the tramp of feet, and presently a man, clad in the garb of a herald of the imperial court, and bearing in his hand a symbol of the imperial eagle, stalked into the chamber, followed by two soldiers in full warlike panoply.



"What ho! Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Tancred of Ravenswald, Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, thou art summoned to appear before thy lord and master forthwith! I will give thee guidance."

"In the name of Heaven, who art thou?" demanded the duke, pale as death, and evidently stricken with the thought of witchery.

"I am herald of the emperor!" replied the intruder, elevating his truncheon, "and thy presence is desired. Wilt thou follow me?"

"Yes—lead on. If there is sense and substance in this I shall find it; and if it is all a baseless fraud—the vapouring of jugglery and wicked deception—I will bring it to light, and punish the perpetrators. Lead on!"

The herald turned and strode out with the same solemn, measured tread that had marked his entrance.

Tancred followed.

When left alone together Wartenfels and Father Villmar looked into each other's face for a moment, and then, the look having been sufficient for an understanding, they followed on after the duke.

On, across the central court, to the vestibule of the old keep, and thence to the doors of the grand hall.

Tancred's head was up, and as he entered the hall he looked around.

Suddenly he stopped, as though his limbs had lost their power of motion.

Was he awake, or was he dreaming?

If he was awake then a thing had happened more wonderful than his wildest dreams had ever pictured:

He looked again, this time attentively, and this was what he saw:

First: The dust of years had been swept from the windows, and shaken from the banners that hung upon the walls.

The litter upon the heavy Mosaic pavement had been swept away, the seats and the tables swept and arranged in order, and the wilderness of spiders' webs, that had thickly garnished every nook and corner and projecting piece of architecture, had been removed.

Next: In the great chair of state, upon the dais at the head of the hall, sat a man whom Tancred recognised at a glance.

There could be no mistake, either in garb or in the majestic form and the well-known features.

Father of Mercies! What means this?

If this be real, nothing under the sun can seem incredible.

What does he at Ravenswald—Lothaire, Emperor of Germany?

To the right and to the left of the emperor, in the old chairs set apart for the use of those who wore the golden spur, were seated knights and gentlemen of the imperial court, some of them well known, and all apparently men of note and of importance and power.

Directly before the imperial dais was a party standing.

They were the Red Knight of Wildberg and his immediate followers.

Then farther away to the right and to the left were other people.

Upon the right were Hafenzell and his men, and upon the left the Lord Abbot of St. John and a few of his brethren.

Tancred of Ravenswald was a man of strong intellect, and of fair perceptive powers, and when his mind had once been given a problem to solve and the necessary factors were furnished, he could generally work it out.

On the present occasion, as soon as utter astonishment had given place to thoughtful reflection, many things became apparent which had therefore been dark and mysterious.

First, the presence of this vast assembly of men in the flesh must have been brought about by natural means, and the appearance of the abbot and his confriers gave him to know that they must have come from the abbey, and come by a secret subterranean pass; and if his suspicions concerning the Red Knight were correct, all the rest was simple; and in this way, too, could he account for the many ghostly

developments which had given him so much terror and unrest.

As he approached the imperial seat, led by two stout soldiers, while others followed behind, he was pale and haggard, and more than once he sought to loosen his gorget that he might gain breath.

But it was not the emperor, nor was it the imposing array of armed men, that caused his hard heart thus to sink.

No, no; it was when he stole a horror-laden glance at the Red Knight that the death-touch of dread was upon him.

"Tancred of Ravenswald!" spoke Lothaire, arising from his seat as the duke was led up, "where is my child? Before we proceed to other business let me behold my child."

Half an hour before Tancred would have flamed in wrath, and braved the imperial authority, but he was weak now, and his spirit was broken.

It had commenced to break with the return and the report of Dombilitz, and it had been breaking more and more ever since.

"Sire," he replied, "since it would appear that I am no longer master here, at least for this present, I must bid you inquire of others. I cannot tell you."

"Behold!" said the Red Knight; and as he spoke he pointed to a side door whence came Father Clement in advance, leading the way for Lionel and Mary, while Kenneth and Elfrida followed, with Cyprion bringing up the rear.

Tancred saw, and from that moment he knew that his solution had been correct.

The castle was traversed in every direction, above and below, by secret passages known to favoured ones.

Lothaire beheld the maiden, and stepped down from his place.

As she came up he reached forth and took both her hands.

A wondrous light was upon his face, filling his eyes with a tearful lustre, and bathing each quivering feature in a flood of eager, heart-welling love.

"Mary! Look upon me. Look into my face. Oh, look, and tell me—does your heart find any remembrance?"

She looked up through earnest, moistening eyes, and in the grand, worn face she certainly found a familiar light.

Suddenly a great glow shone upon her countenance, and she caught the man's arm with a convulsive movement.

It was as though a thing of the far past, long forgotten, had come back to her.

Eagerly, tremulously, she whispered:

"Call me by another name; and call me pet, and darling."

With a great cry of joy he caught the beautiful girl to his bosom.

"Ada—my pet, my darling."

"Oh! my father."

The veil was rent away, and as though but a single day had elapsed since the father and his child had been separated came they now to one another's embrace—parent and child again—the old love as fresh and warm and bright as the breath of heaven.

"Do you know, my pet, my darling, how cruelly you were stolen away from me?"

"Yes—Oh, yes, dear father. This last night that ever was, when old Marcia thought Father Clement was lost, and that I was to be carried away by Sir Gerard, she told to me the story as Clement had told it to her."

"Then you know it all."

He kissed her again, and gave her back into the keeping of Father Clement, while he turned to others.

A half-formed imprecation was upon Tancred's lips when he heard the name of the old nurse mentioned as one among those who had been in league against him; but he seemed to remember that wrath and imprecation would be simply impotent, and he restrained himself.

The emperor spoke again:

"Sir Knight of the Red Armour, it is now thy turn to speak. We have regained our own, and I think the Lord will smile upon thee."

The Knight thus addressed stood upon the

dais and faced the multitude, and a murmur of admiration, called forth by the grand and imposing presence, arose from a hundred tongues.

The Knight was in red armour, but not clad for battle.

His hauberg was of fine red velvet, closely covered with glittering rings of gold net-work, the gracefully waving skirts falling to the knees, while below appeared leggings of the same material, save that the defence was of plates instead of rings.

He wore a gorget of fine gold netting, and upon his head was a plumed casque, the light, gossamer visor of which effectually concealed his features without obstructing sight or breath.

"Sire," he said, "and you, my friends and fellow-labourers, the story of the death of Godfrey, Grand Duke of Swabia, as told sixteen years ago, is well known to all of you; but you that have mourned have mourned without cause. Godfrey's life had been sought—his death resolved upon—but he was saved; and I will tell you how."

At this point Tancred, who had more than once seemed ready to sink, nerved himself to a new effort, and hung upon the speaker's words with almost breathless eagerness.

"Of Godfrey's immediate followers was a brave, true knight, named Walter—he was of Bermendorf. Walter suspected that Tancred, younger brother of the duke, was plotting to gain the ducal crown for himself, and he determined to watch."

"To this end he called to his assistance two other true and good knights—Oswald of Erbach and Adolf of Wungen—and also contrived to gain Tancred's confidence. He was successful—so successful was he, and so completely did he win the confidence he sought, that Tancred numbered him among those who should do the work of murdering his noble brother."

"You know how that party went to the forest upon a hunting excursion. There were Godfrey, and the three others I have mentioned, together with one other, a bold, bad man, and firmly attached to the interests of Tancred, named Zwisel."

"This Zwisel was a villain of deepest dye, and how his master came to mix him up with stern old soldiers in such a work, I never could imagine. It had been arranged that the grand duke should be slain in the forest, and word brought back that he had given chase to a wild boar, and got lost in the wild tangle."

"Then on the following day search was to be made, and his body was to be found, mutilated as though the boars had killed him. And thus they went forth, Tancred remaining at the castle, professing to be sick."

"So they rode away to the forest, and there it so happened that Zwisel, beginning to suspect his companions, really sought to shoot the grand duke with an arrow; but the others had been watchful, and on the instant, beneath the heavy truncheons of Walter and Oswald, he went down, killed as he fell."

"Then the grand Duke assumed the garb which Zwisel had worn, and the ducal raiment was put upon the dead man, and his body carried away into a dark nook."

"Godfrey knew a friend whom he could trust—the good Count Eldred of Ortenberg. To Ortenberg he went, and there lay in concealment for a time."

"And to that place his son Hector was sent. The boy was only four years of age, and after his mother's death was taken in charge by the Lady Abbess of Saint Mary. Of the friars of Saint John, Father Clement was Godfrey's chosen friend and spiritual adviser. Clement came on to Ortenberg with little Hector, and there remained."

"Meantime, at Ravenswald, old Walter and his two companions had returned with intelligence that the grand duke had been lost. This was to the household. To Tancred they told that Godfrey had been slain, and that in the struggle which unavoidably occurred Zwisel had gone down under the duke's blade."



[AN IMPERIAL SIRE.]

And then followed the funeral, and the mourning, and the elevation of Tancred to the position of grand duke.

"Walter and Oswald and Adolf quietly slipped away, and joined their master at Ortenberg, and ere long thereafter the four, accompanied by Father Clement, and under other names, embarked, with Walter of Burgundy, for the Holy Land.

"Little Hector was called Lionel, and left to be adopted by Count Eldred; and his father, Godfrey, the true grand duke, became thenceforth to the world—Red Rudolf of Wildberg!

"And now the day of disguises is at an end. The brother whom Tancred believed he had destroyed, is returned to his own, and the sweet child that he stole from her father has been restored. If he has found comfort in his reign, he is welcome to it.

"Surely, I envy him not, nor do I know that I would seek to punish him farther than hath already fallen punishment upon him. Into your hands, sire, I resign him. And now—Hector—my son—take the name that is thine, and come again to thy father's arms!"

The speaker had lifted the casque from his head, revealing to those who had known him in the other years the well-remembered features of their beloved Grand Duke, Godfrey of Ravenswald.

And Hector—he whom we have known as Lionel—rested upon his father's bosom, and their notes of praise and thanksgiving went up together.

"My Lord Duke," said the emperor, when the opportunity was given him to speak, "methinks there is one more matter of the olden time between us that needs ratification in this present. Thou wilt still abide by the contract?"

"Ay, sire, with all my heart."

"And I think our children have been informed of our aforetime agreement?"

"Yes, sire; and—"

But Lothaire cut him short.

"Let them speak for themselves, my dear

Godfrey. They are of age. How say you, my pet, my darling? Shall another share your love and your faith with me?"

"Ay," cried Godfrey, taking his son by the hand, "and shall this be the happy sharer? If you say yes, my lady, I will avouch for him."

But there did not appear to be need of much outside avouchment or sponsorship.

As soon as the youthful twain could properly leave the loving hands that clung so fondly to them they found that sweet rest which was to be theirs for all coming time.

Heart to heart; lip to lip; pressed closely in the embrace of mutual faith and devotion, they spoke aloud, not timid that others should hear, the blessed words that made good for aye those other words which their parents had spoken in the bygone years.

The emperor and the Grand Duke Godfrey took the lead in the festivities that followed. Before the marriage ceremony was performed two men were knighted by the imperial hand for great and noble valour displayed in the battle of the Schwarzwald glade; so that when the Princess Ada bestowed her hand it was upon Sir Hector of Ravenswald; and the second new knight who looked proudly on, feeling that he had done something towards this pleasant result, was Sir Hafenzell of the Forge.

And another grateful looker-on, and participant in the pleasant labour, was Sir Kotzling, through whose devotion to the interests of right and justice while appearing to serve the usurper, Father Clement had been enabled to keep up his communications with the castle, and gain information of what was going on.

While hourly expecting death at the hands of the red-robed headsman, he had been brought from his dungeon to find his dear friends in power.

For a little time Tancred was held inurance. Joy could not find its utmost limit under the shadow of his countenance.

Just before the lord abbot ascended the dais for the purpose of making a final settlement of that old contract of the other years, Master

Kenneth came trembling to Sir Hector's side, leading by the hand Elfrida.

"What says the Princess?"

"Oh, sir," cried Elfrida, with an eager, sparkling light in her eyes, "she is willing! She says she is glad."

"Then I am glad. Take her, Kenneth, with all my heart. But—the count may feel that he has a right to be consulted in this."

"Ay, sir, I consulted him first, as my guardian; and, with his consent, he referred me to you."

"Then take her, and may the good angels bless you, now and evermore!"

"My dear friend and brother," cried the happy Kenneth, seizing the youthful knight by the hand, "in all the world I don't know a thing to wish you better than that you have wished me, and I wish it upon you with all my heart!"

Some days later, when the double marriage had become a thing of the past, and the festivities were being sobered down, and when the emperor felt that he could deal justly with the man who had so bitterly wronged him, he conferred awhile with the grand duke, and then caused Tancred to be brought before him, when he gave the bad man the alternative of repairing forthwith to the Holy Land, and there joining the army of the Crusaders, or of submitting to just punishment.

What Lothaire might have deemed to be a just and proper punishment may not be known, for Tancred chose the chances in Palestine. And when the time came for him to embark it was discovered that the Baron of Wartenfels had made arrangements to go with him.

And that was the last of Tancred, so far as Ravenswald was concerned, or was ever to know; but not the last of Ravenswald. Ah, no! for the time was to come when the old castle, under a new master and a new mistress, should be the scene of one long jubilee, the friends and supporters of other years, tried and true, finding sweet rest in their old age within its historic walls.

[THE END.]





[THE ARRIVAL AT THE SCHOOL.]

## BOUND TO THE TRAWL.

By the Author of "Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," "Poor Loo," etc.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### MRS. FRETWELL OBJECTS TO KATIE.

Of all bad things by which mankind are cursed,  
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.  
CUMBERLAND.

A PRETENTIOUS block of buildings of Gothic architecture, the bricks with which they are faced being of two colours, suggesting the unromantic idea of streaky bacon.

The largest of these is the school, or rather, the two schools, while the smaller structures, respectfully divided by the whole width of the garden and playground, are respectively provided for the master, mistress and junior teachers.

A large slab of white stone, high up, in the most prominent part of the outside of the school, bears upon its surface this inscription:

"Erected at the sole expense of Mrs. Katherine Chater, wife of the vicar of this parish, Anno Domini, 187—"

"There," said Minnie Gariand, as they came in view of this educational establishment; "what do you think of your new abode?"

"It seems large," was the reply.

"Of course it is; most of the boys and girls in the parish attend. It hasn't been opened more than a year, and they started with a mistress in one of those houses and a master in the other, but whether Miss Finch felt lonely, or thought it was not good for man to be alone, I can't say, but a few months after their appointment she married the schoolmaster, Mr. Fretwell, and as her house was decidedly the

prettiest, he has deserted his own wing of the building."

"Then no one lives in the other house?"

"Oh, yes, the pupil teachers do, and I suppose you will. I have heard that Mrs. Chater does not approve of the system, but Mrs. Fretwell knows how to toady her, and so has managed to keep her quiet up to this time. This is what I have heard, but it may be only gossip, you know."

"I'm sure I hope so," and Katie shivered.

The idea of scheming, plotting and toadying grated upon her nature, and seemed a sort of degradation both to the person who exacted it and the one that consented to perform such a part.

Surely her dreams and aspirations, the desire to do good, the belief that she had some good work to accomplish, were not to be dwarfed and stunted, and made futile and hopeless, by the petty, selfish jealousies of the people she was thrown amongst.

Colonel Chartres looked at Katie's face, and he also sighed.

The girl was something of a puzzle to him, and yet he better than anyone else understood her.

In a rash moment he had offered to adopt her as his daughter, and had she taken him at his word, despite the inconvenience of such a step, he would not have hesitated to carry out his suggestion.

But the situation would have been full of awkwardness.

Though more than old enough to be her father, he was still sufficiently young for the breath of scandal to reach him, to avoid which it would have been necessary to engage an elderly lady as chaperone, all of which under his present uncertain conditions of life would be inconvenient as well as expensive, and therefore he was relieved when Katie declined his offer, though he was likewise surprised at her doing so.

Yet for all this he meant ultimately to provide for the girl, but he had not yet given up all hope, of finding his son, and the amiable,

romantic old man had somehow taken it into his head, that in the natural order of circumstances, leaving that terrible tragedy on board the "Pretty Kitty" out of the question, Basil would have eventually married the niece of the owner of the trawler, to whom he was bound.

Thus, the soldier whose own married life had been so sad, felt that in some way, as the possible wife of his boy, Katie Jessop belonged to him.

Why he should have settled Basil's and Katie's future for them in this wise I cannot tell.

That Basil must have loved the girl he felt assured, and the fact of his son having saved her from Crabtree, a fact, that in the course of inquiries came to his knowledge, all helped to confirm it.

In this way Katie was his property, and as such to be taken care of, but he had no objection to her working, indeed he thought it would do her good provided she had a fair field, and was not dragged down to the level of the mean souls with whom he feared she must come in contact.

"At any rate I can take her away if it doesn't suit her," he thought.

Then he led the way up the path to the house which Mr. and Mrs. Fretwell jointly inhabited, and knocked at the door.

It was opened by a girl who looked a compromise between a pupil teacher and a servant, and in reply to the colonel's inquiries, replied that the mistress was in, and would he and the ladies walk into the parlour.

A keen glance at the two girls, then Lottie, the girl who had opened the door, decided which was the lady and which was to be the school-mistress at once.

"She's far the prettiest of the two, but won't she have a hot time of it," she muttered, under her breath.

Then, having ushered them into the best sitting room, she went upstairs to inform the mistress of their arrival.

"And Mrs. Chater hasn't come yet," exclaimed

a thin, peevish-looking woman in a fretful tone of voice. "What a plague they do make about having teachers for those children, as though my comfort wasn't worth more than the whole pack of them put together; we can do very well without another teacher, I'm sure, with me looking in occasionally, and you girls teaching them. It's all the children now-a-days and no fuss made with those who manage them. I'm quite sick of it, that's what I am. If Fred had been anything himself but a schoolmaster I'd kick the whole thing over altogether."

Of course Fred was her husband, but Lottie, who was used to this kind of thing, made no reply; she had sounded the depth of the sincerity of Mrs. Fretwell's complaints before now, and she simply waited in silence until they were finished.

As they thus paused, the schoolmistress continuing to grumble and at the same time to arrange her collar, cuffs and ribbons, a violent and prolonged series of blows with the knocker, such as only a British dunkey can deliver, made the very doorposts in the small house tremble, and Lottie, pulling aside the short blind and peeping out, exclaimed:

"There's Mrs. Chater in her carriage and Mr. Chater too and you're not dressed yet."

"Never mind them, don't open the door, help me," said the miserable, sharp-faced little woman.

But Lottie paid no heed to her request; she walked down-stairs, opened the front door, and, after a condescending word from the vicar and his wife, ushered them into the room where Colonel Chartres with his niece and Katie were seated, waiting to be spoken to by somebody.

Colonel Chartres was a person of importance in Mrs. Chater's eyes.

To begin with, her favourite brother had been a subaltern in his regiment in India and had sent back many humorous sketches of the "Aged Innocent," so that she knew him well by reputation.

But this was not all: he had given her with his own hands a cheque for one hundred pounds towards the support of her schools, and a few donations of this kind would have helped greatly to relieve the burden which, despite her wealth, this caprice of the schools was to her.

From which it may readily be understood that any protégée of the Colonel's would find instant favour in her eyes.

Curious to observe how matters went, Lottie remained at the door as though she had forgotten to close it and go away.

First of all she noticed how the colonel and Minnie Garland were greeted, then the more than usually kind and gracious manner in which the vicar's wife shook hands with Katie and smiled upon her.

Then, seeming to miss somebody, Mrs. Chater looked around the room and asked:

"Where is Mrs. Fretwell?"

"She's dressing, ma'm," returned Lottie.

"Dressing!" with disdain; "tell her I am here," then she sank into a seat and began to talk to Katie.

"You will find the children very rough and uncultivated, Miss Jessop," she is saying, "very rough, and Colonel Chartres tells me you are as yet unaccustomed to teaching, otherwise I should ask you to take the management of the girls' school in your own hands, for I am not satisfied with Mrs. Fretwell; however, I hope you will soon feel competent to undertake it. I should have great pleasure in promoting the welfare of any friend of Colonel Chartres, for I owe him a deep and profound debt of gratitude, not only for his generous help to our schools, but for his kind friendship to my brother."

"It's of no use, Colonel," she went on as the latter tried to disclaim any merit on the point; "Gus told me all about how you saved him from the Rajah; now you see, I know, and I hope to prove I am grateful."

An observation that silenced the colonel, since it was impossible to believe that Mrs. Chater's brother had ever been insane enough to repeat the "true" story of the affair with the Rajah, for her edification.

All this time however a grey, sharp-featured figure had been standing in the doorway, listening to the words which told her how slightly her own services were valued and how readily her patroness would fill her place and send her adrift when it suited her purpose to do so.

Katie had bowed and blushed and thanked the great lady—what less could she do? then a nervous cough at the doorway made her look up hastily, and rightly judge that Mrs. Fretwell had listened to all that had been said.

Mrs. Chater understood it also, perhaps she knew the schoolmistress was there all the time, but the clergyman's wife was by no means abashed.

On the contrary she nodded to Mrs. Fretwell and observed:

"This is the young lady we were talking of. I thought you would have received her and made her acquaintance before I came. I have been thinking, Mrs. Fretwell, it won't be very comfortable for Miss Jessop to remain in this house with you and your husband, and everything so antidy, so she shall have two rooms in the other house, but they must be partly re-furnished, so I think, Miss Jessop—with a glance at our heroine—you had better come back to the vicarage with me for a day or two."

"Thanks, you are very kind," said Katie, bowing her head, but wondering what was to become of her.

But here Mrs. Fretwell's voice interposed.

"The rooms are very nice, Mrs. Chater, or they could be made so in half an hour; they did very well for my husband before we were married."

"That of course," with a certain imperiousness of manner, "but I must look over them myself, and meanwhile Miss Jessop will return with me," glancing with a patronising air at the girl.

What could Katie do but silently bow and seem to acquiesce.

She knew that she was making an enemy for life, also that the improvement and instruction she was, by the colonel's arrangement, to derive from Mrs. Fretwell would now resolve itself into nothingness, but she was powerless in the course circumstances were taking.

Had Mrs. Fretwell come at once to welcome her and thus been on the spot when the great lady arrived, the case might have been different, but from inability or indifference, she had not put in an appearance until her presence was scarcely required, and she had not attempted to bestow one friendly glance upon the stranger who had come to live and work with her.

The reins were slipping out of Mrs. Fretwell's hands, and she knew it.

Just as the party were about to rise, Mr. Fretwell made his appearance.

A man, whom people might very correctly call pretty.

Not that prettiness is exactly a masculine quality, but Frederick Fretwell for all that was a pretty fellow.

A red and white complexion like a milk-maid's; lips like coral; teeth white as pearl; eyes and hair black as night; a moustache that afforded occupation for at least one-third of his time in twisting and curling, and what more would you have than a trim figure like that of a counter-jumper, and a delicate white hand, to make him perfect as a lady-killer.

Short, and an exquisite, with nothing masculine or manly about him, without the smallest claim either from birth, education or culture to be considered a gentleman, Frederick Fretwell was not quite such an idiot as he looked, and had very completely mastered the necessary amount of elementary knowledge necessary for the position he held.

That his wife was jealous of him could be seen at the first glance, and that he was indifferent enough to her feelings to seem to give her cause for it will soon also be apparent.

The vicar's lady received him more graciously than she had done his wife, the vicar himself a trifle less so.

Colonel Chartres nodded to him as he might have done to a highly organised monkey, and

the two girls silently bent their heads in acknowledgment of his salute.

But Mr. Fretwell was not to be put off in this manner.

Katie's face was pretty. Katie's friends were influential, therefore she was a young woman to be cultivated, so he advanced towards her with extended hand, saying:

"Miss Jessop, you are coming to live and to work among us, in my wife's name and my own, allow me to welcome you."

Katie rose to her feet, shook hands, and said, "Thank you," while Colonel Chartres frowned. Mrs. Fretwell looked vicious, and Minnie could with great difficulty restrain an inclination to laugh outright.

It was Mrs. Chater who broke in upon the awkwardness by rising and saying:

"We will go over and look at the rooms that are to be yours, Miss Jessop; then you will return with me to luncheon. Perhaps Colonel Chartres and Miss Garland will come too."

Katie's eyes pleaded more eloquently than her tongue could do.

She was Mrs. Chater's property now. She felt it beyond dispute, and she dreaded to be alone with her owner, and cling to the presence of her friends with an almost childish dread of their leaving her, as a drowning man might clutch at a straw.

Seeing her anxiety they accepted the invitation, the colonel saying he would walk back with the vicar, and the two girls, led by Mrs. Chater, went off to inspect the rooms which were to be refitted for their new occupant.

"That girl means to supplant me!" said Mrs. Fretwell, with intense rancour, when she and her husband were alone. "I saw it in her common-looking face."

"Common looking!"

The husband glanced at his wife, seemed to be surveying her features for a few seconds, then burst into a loud mocking laugh.

"Glad to change with her, Cil, common or not, I imagine."

"Indeed I shouldn't," with a toss of the head.

"Then I wish you could, 'twould be a vast improvement; or if she had come a few months earlier 'twould have done as well; it's a confounded nuisance living in a country where a man can have but one wife."

"Oh, yes, I know. I saw it in your face—I saw her make grimaces at you; but I won't have you making love to her; I'll poison both of you if I ever catch you at it. I won't be ill-treated and neglected. I'll, I'll—"

"Go and take the poison yourself, my dear, but let me have my dinner. An uncommonly pretty girl is Miss Jessop; uncommonly. I intend to cultivate Miss Jessop's acquaintance. I don't look very much like an old married man, do I?"

And he began to survey himself in the dingy-looking glass, to arrange his curls, twist his moustache and admire the delicate whiteness of his hands, while his wife, still smarting under the snubs she had received from Mrs. Chater, and goaded to jealous madness by her husband, flung herself out of the room, muttering vague threats to which no one paid heed at the time, though they remembered them with terrible distinctness long after.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE FIRST LESSON.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man.  
BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

A WEEK has passed since Katie Jessop left Great Barmouth, and she is now settled in her new home at the school-house.

Looking back at the time, it seems like years since she last looked upon the restless sea, glanced up to the kind, weather-beaten face of her uncle, or felt with pain that she would not be greatly missed from the home of her childhood.



In those seven days Katie has passed into another life, of which, up to the present, she knew nothing.

Two rooms in the house previously occupied by the schoolmaster are apportioned to her, which is half the room that the building affords, if one excepts the kitchen and an apartment above it, where an old servant of Mrs. Chater's lived and slept, and was supposed to cook for the teachers who lived in the house.

Her skill as a cook might not be great, but her memory and powers of observation were, and no Jesuit could have had a keener spy at his command than had the vicar's wife in this old woman.

"You will like Miss Jessop," the lady remarked, as she was superintending or rather passing her opinion on the arrangements of the rooms for the new comer, "she is very amiable and rather pretty, and I hope she is steady."

From which "old Sue," as the girls called her, gathered that Miss Jessop's morals were particularly under her supervision and care.

They were pretty rooms; even though they were small.

Passing under the Gothic porch, you came into a passage, on each side of which was a door leading into opposite parlours, one of which was the sitting-room of our heroine, while the corresponding apartment exactly overhead was her bedroom.

It is so easy to be liberal when one has more than they know what to do with.

Mrs. Chater had been re-furnishing two or three rooms in her own house according to the most approved fashion of ugliness and discomfort, so called Queen Anne's style, and had thus discarded the elegant chairs and couches that had before filled them.

An abundance of this furniture was packed up in the garrets where it was rapidly becoming moth eaten, and the housekeeper having suggested it would be cheaper to use this than to buy new, the clergyman's wife had adopted the suggestion as her own, and she and Katie had spent one whole morning in selecting what should be taken to the school-house.

This is how Katie's rooms are so much more elegantly furnished than the house over which Mrs. Fretwell presides, and therefore the envy, hatred and malice of that lady culminated almost to the point of explosion, when she saw a chair and footstool covered in blue silk damask that had once stood in the drawing-room at the vicarage, now, before it was even shabby, brought here for the use of "that chit."

And, indeed, the rooms were pretty, and Katie Jessop, though she had never been used to such beauty and luxury before, most thoroughly enjoyed it, even though she did not forget that it did not belong to her, and that there were higher and nobler things in life than fine furniture and rich clothing.

Her first introduction to the school-room was a trial to the girl whose knowledge and experience were so widely apart.

Taken from the standpoint of education and acquirements, Katie knew far more than Mr. Fretwell and his wife put together. Of this her old tutor, Mr. Herbert, had taken care.

Come to apply it, however, to a noisy class of boisterous children, and she was nowhere.

Children are quick to take a cue also, and the idea passed like an electric message through the large school of girls that Mrs. Fretwell did not like the new teacher, and that they might behave as rudely as they liked to her.

To test Katie's ability, as it seemed, the first class of girls ranging from twelve to fourteen was given her, with the information that the subject of the lesson was to be physical geography.

Katie thought for a moment.

To give a lesson on physical geography to a dozen or more girls, who might know a great deal or might know nothing about it, was no easy matter, particularly for one who had never in her life given a lesson till now; but she was not a girl to be daunted by difficulties, and she noticed that Mrs. Fretwell, instead of helping her or going out of the room and leaving the coast clear to her, was sitting at a short distance,

her hands in her lap, with a critical, half-sneering expression on her face which was a sort of licence for the girls to be impertinent and unmanageable.

With an effort Katie cleared her throat, which was hot and dry, and began by asking the class what they knew of physical geography, and what the meaning and derivation of the expression was.

Had the head mistress been away the girls would have been attentive enough, being there, with that unpleasant expression of countenance, they paid no heed to the new comer except to criticise her person and dress, and went on chatting amongst themselves as though she were not present.

"Will you pay attention to me?" asked Katie, noticing the sneer on Mrs. Fretwell's face become more decided.

No answer, but the chattering continued. Katie half closed her book and stood looking at the girls, her face pale, her eye keen and flashing, but with her temper well under control, knowing full well that to govern others she must be able to completely master herself.

Her keen eye and set face produced an impression, the voices ceased; after all the new teacher did not seem to be a person to be trifled with, and only Lottie Germaine, the pupil teacher who had opened the door when Colonel Chartres brought Katie and his niece to the house, continued to defy authority by talking to the girl next to her, who was now silent.

At this moment Mrs. Fretwell rose, came towards the spot where Katie was standing, stretched out her hand to snatch the book the other held, and said, in an aggressive tone:

"Are you going to waste all the morning, Miss Jessop? I must give the lesson myself, I suppose."

But Katie held the book firmly to her side and drew back a step while she fixed her eye fixedly upon the other and said:

"Thank you, Mrs. Fretwell, I shall get on very well if you and your servant will leave the room."

"My servant!" said the woman.

"Her servant!" echoed Lottie. "I'm not her servant no more than you are; I'm a pupil teacher."

"Indeed," returned Katie, with polite firmness. "I am sorry if I have made a mistake, but your conduct was quite sufficient to justify it. You can behave properly or leave the class, but you must do either, and at once."

For just a couple of seconds Lottie and Katie measured each other with their eyes, then the former dropped hers sulkily upon her book and fell back into her place.

Of Mrs. Fretwell Katie for the moment took no notice; she might stay there or go away; one thing she now distinctly understood, the girl she so unreasonably hated would not be interfered with.

"And I never had such a good lesson in my life," was Lottie's comment to old Sue, when she had given a graphic account of the scene in the class-room. "'Twasn't because I don't like her," she went on, "that I made such a chatter, but because the missus told me to, and stayed there to see me do it, but I do admire her pluck though she did call me a servant, and my stars how much she does know. I never thought there was such wonderful things in the world or that learning about them was so easy."

All of which in an exaggerated form ultimately reached Mrs. Chater and confirmed that lady's opinion as to the talent of her last acquisition.

"But I hope her morals are of a high order, Sue. I sincerely hope so."

At which Sue discreetly replied she didn't know, but she'd find out.

A few days afterwards, with this laudable object in view, Sue noticed that Mr. Fretwell, who was obliged to pass close by his former residence to reach his own school, the door of which was not a dozen yards off, never did so or approached Katie without speaking to her, and more than once he had offered a flower, which he might have in his hand or take from his buttonhole, an act of courtesy which not

knowing how to refuse, she gracefully accepted.

"How lucky you are to get flowers this time of the year, miss," Sue remarked one evening, as she brought in the girl's tea and set it upon the table.

"Am I?" was the listless reply, for she was tired.

Then she added:

"Mr. Fretwell gave them to me."

"And how does his wife like his doing so, miss?" with something like a chuckle.

"His wife!" with amazed disdain. "I am sure I don't know, the idea never occurred to me, but she is quite welcome to keep them, I don't want their flowers."

"Oh, it isn't her flowers, miss, she'd take good care of that; she's jealous of even the sun shining upon her husband, I do believe. She thinks everybody wants to steal him from her, because he's so handsome."

"Is he? I haven't seen it. Take the flowers away with you, Sue; after what you have told me, I don't care to have them here."

And the old woman obeyed, while the girl, forgetting her tea, lapsed off into an unpleasant reverie.

The next morning, Sue's doubts about Katie's moral character were set at rest when she saw her cross the courtyard, and after a courteous bow to the schoolmaster, pass on, declining his proffered rosebud.

"But I didn't like the look of his face when he flung it away," she added. "I do hope he doesn't mean to be up to any mischief."

(To be Continued.)

## HER GUIDING STAR;

OR,

## LOVE AND TREACHERY.

### CHAPTER XX.

"No, Miss Jessie, Donald was not executed, for though, as they say, when Mr. Fannuir's intolerable pride is up he never yields, this was a different case. Here the foundation of his pride was taken from under him—his heart was broken; and perhaps, too, he thought that Heaven had a controversy with him. At any rate, he was not satisfied with the testimony; said his poor son had brought his death on himself; and when the mother of Donald fell on her knees and begged him to save one who had lain on the same bosom, had drawn from the same breast, and slept in the same cradle with Mr. Henry, the old gentleman could not stand it, but got up a petition to the government, and signed it himself, and Donald was pardoned."

"And what became of him?"

"Your grandfather, though he had saved his life, could not bear his name without a shudder, not bear the thought of ever seeing him; so he got a friend of his to advise with Donald for the best arrangement of his property, and he sold out and moved off where nothing more is heard of him here."

"Dear grandpapa!" said Jessie; "I am so glad that he was merciful."

"Oh, miss, he does many a good thing. I wish every one that had his means had his will. There was Mrs. Austin, the little Quaker woman at the mill—that was after I came, and I know all about it. She was very poorly, in a sort of decline, and he had her brought here, and Miss Janet nursed her as if she had been a sister. She gave birth to a child here, and finally, after being here a whole year, died. Many a time I've seen Mr. Fannuir sit by her bed, as she grew worse, and hold her hand, try to comfort her, and talk to her like a father. They kept the little girl she left till she was three years old, and after that she used to come to Miss Janet to be taught."

"Where is she now?"

"At home with her father. She has not been here lately, or I should have shown her to you, for she is a nice young woman; but she does not have much time, I suppose, to go out."

"Poor Aunt Janet!" sighed Jessie, as she reflected on what she had heard. "Poor Aunt Janet! No wonder she looks sad sometimes."

"Yes, indeed, miss; it was a sad business—to think of Mr. Henry, and his pretty young wife, lying both together in the death-chamber."

"The death-chamber!" repeated Jessie, with a shudder.

"Yes, miss. You know about that, I suppose?"

"I have heard of such a thing, but I thought it done away with long ago."

"Oh no! it may be in London, but it isn't here."

"Here! Do you mean to say there is still such a chamber here?"

"Certainly, miss! and the best room in the whole house. Haven't you seen a door on the left hand side of the entrance-hall? 'Tis always shut, but you may have observed it. Well, that opens into an entry that leads to the death-chamber."

"At the end of the entry is another door, through which the dead are carried to their burial. They say that, in old times, the young married couple used to enter their new house by such a door, which they never passed again till they were taken out feet foremost. My mother used to tell me how spiced wines were sent round at funerals, and to friends who could not attend; and the shrouds among the bridal clothes."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jessie, with almost a shriek; "what do you mean, Mrs. Marley?"

"Just what I say, miss. Your grandmamma, pretty as she looks there, in her wedding-dress, I have heard say her shroud was waiting for her at that very time, and she was buried in it."

"Well, I never would be married if there were such awful customs now."

Mrs. Marley "smiled superior."

"You think so, miss, I daresay; but young ladies do get over almost everything rather than not be married."

Jessie's thoughts again turned to the picture.

"And so they covered it, you think, to shut out painful ideas."

"Yes, miss, I suppose so; because I never heard any reason given for it."

"But I should not think it would have that effect. I am sure, with me, it would only serve to keep them for ever in my mind."

"Perhaps so, miss. But people are different. Some expect to shut out trouble by closing their lips and eyes, while others empty their hearts of it by speaking."

"But you know," said Jessie, involuntarily making a personal application of this last remark, "there may be trouble of which one cannot speak;" to which Mrs. Marley replied by an unsuspecting assent, and Jessie left the hall.

The next morning, at breakfast, Mr. Fanmuir was in high good humour.

Miss Fanmuir not having yet appeared, he called on Jessie for his coffee, and cracked jokes with her and Master Harry till the entrance of Mrs. Marley with a tray, and a request for a cup of tea for Miss Janet, "and," as she rather pointedly added:

"Nothing else?"

The old gentleman's countenance changed, and he exclaimed:

"What's the matter now?"

"Nothing, sir, only missis has got a headache and can't come to breakfast."

"What's brought that on?" he demanded, rather than asked.

"I don't know, sir; I suppose the same thing."

"What 'thing'?" exclaimed Mr. Fanmuir, with rising anger.

"You know those nervous turns to which she has been subject for so long, sir."

"Oh, yes, I daresay," hastily interrupting her; "nervous turns, I of course to blame.

Take your tray, and go! But hark ye, Mrs. Marley, tell your mistress that if she does not come down to dinner, I'll quit the house for six months—for a year—for ever!" continued he, with voice "crescendo."

"Yes, sir," and the housekeeper slowly retreated.

Mr. Fanmuir rose, his coffee and muffin untasted, and, crossing his hands behind him, walked up and down the room, with a pace and countenance showing great and angry disturbance.

Jessie was mute with surprise. Thus far he had been so kind, caressing, cheerful, even gay, and good-humoured to all, that she had begun to think the accounts of his temper greatly exaggerated; but this strange and unreasonable resentment towards dear Aunt Janet, merely for having a headache, justified all she had heard. She looked at Master Henry, but he very composedly continued to eat his breakfast, not at all moved or surprised at what, to her, seemed so unaccountable.

At length, mustering courage, she said, in order to break the distressing silence:

"Grandpapa, your coffee is cold; let me give you another cup. Aunt Janet will soon be better, I daresay; only a little fatigued with—"

But he turned on her, and interrupting her almost fiercely, said:

"You daresay a great deal, then. Don't talk to me, child! You know nothing about it. I have been the victim of these hated nerves! Never was a family so full of them! As sure as I feel a little happy, and enjoy myself, they must needs break out!"

Jessie could not but think his message to her aunt net calculated to quiet them.

"Fatigued yesterday! What was there to fatigue her? She had been remarkably well of late. No, it was always so; would always be so. His life had been sacrificed to an eternal spirit of contradiction."

"Alas!" thought Jessie, "perhaps too true, poor grandpapa, but whose fault?"

Leaving his breakfast untouched, Mr. Fanmuir retired to his room.

"Never mind, cousin," said Master Henry. "These little flurries soon pass. Our sky has been remarkably clear and quiet since you came, and will be so again. The best way is never to speak to grandpapa at such times; nor even to notice them. Come, shall I give you a lesson in target-shooting? or will you exercise Mab in a ride?"

But Jessie, hoping to be admitted to her aunt's room, declined both.

Her gentle tap at the door was, however, answered by Mrs. Marley saying that Miss Janet would see her by-and-bye; and so, putting on her bonnet, she resolved to forget the clouds that had gathered within, by the contemplation of the serene beauty without.

The morning passed rather wearily without Aunt Janet, and no summons came from her till near the dinner hour, when, to Jessie's surprise, she found her up and dressed.

To her exclamation Miss Fanmuir quietly answered:

"Poor papa would be so harassed by my absence that I ought to go down. Don't say anything about it, dear, nor allude to my headache; it is nearly gone. I shall soon be released and return to my room."

The family met as usual—no questions and no explanations.

Aunt Janet, as always, was gentle and kind, though an occasional contraction of her brow showed her head not yet at ease, and Jessie saw that the meal was, with her, a mere form; but grandpapa was restored to good humour, and the little disturbance of the morning forgotten.

"How strange," thought Jessie. "I do really believe grandpapa loves Aunt Janet better than all the world, and yet he is more unreasonable to her than to anyone else. If she does but look grave, or is not quite well, he is worried to death, though it seems to make him more angry than sorry. Anyone would suppose that, if she did not always smile, he thought it a reproach

to himself, he makes it such a personal matter."

A new circumstance added to Mr. Fanmuir's satisfaction in his granddaughter.

For some time a weakness of one of his eyes had nearly deprived him of the use of both.

He had struggled against the infirmity with his usual persistence; but he was at length obliged to yield, and have a reader.

Master Henry did not quite please him. "He rattled on so fast that it took away his breath to follow him."

He would not tax his daughter's strength, and Jessie, therefore, was appointed to the office, which she discharged so as entirely to satisfy him.

Being thus brought into a closer intercourse, she became so endeared and important to her grandfather, that, when a letter from her mother hinted her return, he sent an absolute refusal; and, moreover, a demand for their surrender of her for the rest of the year, "indeed, he did not know that he would ever give her up."

Unwilling to revive a resentment so lately appeased, Mr. and Mrs. Farleigh consented for the present, and Jessie, conscious of the happiness she bestowed, acquiesced cheerfully in their decision.

Perhaps she thought of her pleasant cotillon parties, but it was a momentary regret; the past had deeper interests, and she almost dreaded to return to scenes that would so forcibly renew them.

Checking feelings she must not indulge, she turned again to the details of her mother's letter.

"And so," she reflected, "the Pelhams are to pass the winter at the south of France, and Captain Vivian has gone abroad. How he does fly about. Well, he is a pleasant person, and when I am with him I think I like him; but, somehow, I am never the wiser or better for anything he says. What is the reason? Heigh-ho! Walter would say that it is because he has no faith in goodness. If he praises, 'tis ironically. More frequently he finds it only selfishness well disguised."

Among the fireside pleasures for the long evenings which Mr. Fanmuir especially esteemed was a game of whist.

In this he and Henry excelled; and Miss Fanmuir had made herself, to please her father, a remarkably good lady-player.

Her grandfather undertook the instruction of Jessie; and though, with all others, he insisted on "the rigour of the game," to her mistakes he was always indulgent.

She might omit to return his lead; she might uselessly sacrifice a trump on the thirteenth card, or compel him to cast a king into the jaws of an ace, which she ought to have remembered was lying in wait for him; she might, in short, do anything but revoke. That he considered an "irredeemable stupidity."

Once she was guilty of it, and received only a gentle exhortation.

The second and last time she thus transgressed he threw up his cards, did not speak—a marvellous self-control—but whistled emphatically, and played with his knuckles on the little stand, always by his side, as if on purpose to afford this relief.

Master Henry saw the tears start into Jessie's eyes, and adroitly proposed to teach her piquet, saying:

"You'll soon know enough to beat me, for I am but an indifferent player."

Mr. Fanmuir smiled.

The cloud passed away, and Jessie, with a grateful look at Cousin Henry, accepted his offer.

From that time, for some reason—Jessie feared, her own dulness—her grandfather promoted piquet in preference to whist.

Seated by the table at which she and Henry played, he seemed to find as much pleasure in the game as they did, suggesting from time to time to his grandson—Jessie could not tell why, when he certainly knew more than she did—"to strengthen his point," not to reject 'good



cards" in a presumptuous hope of better, and to remember that "first in hand" was a great advantage"—admonitions that seemed to embarrass Master Henry rather than to help him.

One evening, to Mr. Fannuir's surprise and annoyance, his grandson had not been at home. Miss Fannuir endeavoured to soften it to him by saying he had been unusually domestic of late, and that whenever he was absent it was always easily explained.

"Yes, oh yes," replied the old gentleman, trying, but not very successfully, to treat it as a light matter. "Come, Jessie, let me give you a lesson in piquet; or shall we try three-handed whist, since that runaway has reduced us to it?"

This was preferred as including all, and grand-papa played "dummy" to the ladies.

The next morning Harry appeared at breakfast at the usual hour, but Jessie thought he had not his accustomed cheerful face.

"Good morning, Harry," said Mr. Fannuir; "you deserted us last evening; where were you?"

"I was out, sir."

The gravity and decided tone of this reply, so rare with him, seemed to disconcert his grandfather.

"Out! why—why, yes, I know that. I said so. Out! to be sure you were."

But he did not repeat the inquiry, and Henry proffered no explanation; turning the conversation by some rather forced small-talk with Jessie and his aunt, he left the room as soon as the meal was over.

Mr. Fannuir sat silent, evidently brooding over something that much displeased him; and, not inclined, as usual, for society or reading, summoned his valet and withdrew to his room. On entering he found Mrs. Marley there.

He had never condescended to any espionage with servants or children; but, thinking the housekeeper very likely to know more in the present instance than himself, and choosing the most direct mode, he dismissed his man, and said:

"Where was Master Henry last night, Mrs. Marley?"

Now, although Mrs. Marley was aware he had been out late the previous evening, she knew nothing more; for her young master, with all his reliance on her good-will, had never admitted her to his confidence.

Nevertheless, she always instinctively spoke as if retained by him.

"Master Henry, sir! Why, in his bed, and so fast asleep this morning, I could hardly wake him."

"Very well, that may be; but where was he in the evening, I say?"

"I don't know, sir, unless it was at Mr. Smith's or Mrs. Duncan's, to pay his respects to the young ladies."

"That is just where I supposed he was, and where he shall not go," said Mr. Fannuir, angrily. "They have been trying to catch him these two years."

"Law, sir! they can't hold a candle to our young lady. Master Henry never thinks of them I'm sure."

"Well, I hope not, Mrs. Marley," said Mr. Fannuir, and added with a significance he had no doubt would be faithfully conveyed to his grandson, "if he were to think of either of them he and I would quarrel."

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE least agreeable season had come. The show was gone, and the removal of its white drapery disclosed the ragged garments of winter.

The roads were nearly impassable, and the ice, cracked, unsound, and in many places covered with water, was no longer to be trusted.

Moving was out of the question, and the young people were reduced to indoor occupations.

In books they had little companionship; but Henry, an observer of nature and a lover of animals, had pets of all kinds, understood their habits, and could give Jessie practical hints in natural history, as well worth having as if found between the boards of a book.

Then he asked assistance in preparing his fishing-tackle, and she soon learned to manage the quills and corks, to twist the horse-hair lines, and to attach the hooks.

"What are you so busy about, Jessie?" inquired her aunt.

"Preparing lines for Cousin Harry," she replied.

Miss Janet looked at her father and smiled. He put his finger on his lip to check farther comment, but he rapped on the table a merry accompaniment, as he hummed a popular air. Jessie, intent on her work, neither saw nor heard.

Thrown thus continually and naturally together, it would have been strange if a more than common mutual interest had not been excited.

In Jessie this was undisturbed by any question of its nature.

Preoccupied as she was, Henry but supplied to her, as nearly as possible, a want she often lamented.

He was a brother, with just that touch of gallantry and devotion, in which, however true in more important respects, brothers are sometimes deficient.

The only deduction from her contentment was, that he himself was less cheerful than formerly—often abstracted, and evidently perplexed, restless, and, she feared, even at times unhappy.

One evening it so happened that they were left alone in the parlour, Mr. Fannuir having retired earlier than usual; and Miss Janet, leaving them to finish a game of piquet, soon followed him.

They continued to play for some time, only speaking as the game required.

At length it approached its termination, and, having compared "points," etc., Jessie first in hand, proceeded to play, counting, as she went, till, reaching "one hundred," she exclaimed:

"There! I have beaten you again! Why, Cousin Harry, you are a better player than I am, yet, lately, I always win! What are you thinking of?"

"Shall I tell you, Jessie?" said he, with an expression so strange, hurried, excited, and yet hesitating, that she could only gather from it some trouble, of which, indeed, since the evening when his absence had incurred his grandfather's displeasure, she had been apprehensive. "Shall I tell you?" he repeated.

"Do, cousin," she answered, looking compassionately; "do, I beg of you. If I can only give you comfort or counsel, I shall be so happy!"

"Hear me, then, while I have courage to speak," and with a sort of desperation he proceeded:

"Can you, will you, dear Jessie! unworthy as I am; little as I can offer in return for all your beauty, accomplishments, and goodness; little as I have done to obtain such a possession! will you, dear Jessie—will you be my wife?"

If lightning had fallen at her feet, Jessie could hardly have been more stunned.

Although, on rare occasions, some expression of her grandfather's had for a moment suggested to her an uneasy thought of this kind, still he had so rigidly forbidden, and, in the main, had so carefully avoided all allusions or railery in the presence of Jessie, and Henry himself had been so much more like a friend than a lover, that she had entirely dismissed the idea from her mind.

And now to this good, kind, pleasant cousin she was to give pain, which, however short-lived she might hope it would prove, must at present be the keenest she could inflict—on one, too, on whom she would only confer happiness.

Her heart and eyes were full; she could scarcely command words to convey the sentence

for which he waited in silence as profound as her own. At length she spoke.

"Dear cousin, I am sure you will believe me when I say that this declaration overwhelms me with surprise and—and grief! Forget it, I entreat you, as I shall do. Let me not lose my cousin and my friend because I can—never be anything else to him!"

Not daring to raise her eyes to Henry, who sat voiceless by her side, they remained immovable, till, unable longer to endure the constraint, she ventured a look towards him, and still another, for astonishment now got the better of every other emotion as she met his gaze, expressive only of relief, of happiness."

"Cousin Harry," exclaimed she, with animation, "what does this mean?" Then, catching the contagion of his smile, "this is not the first of April, surely! What game are you playing?"

"A desperate one, dear Jessie, if you were not the best cousin in the world!"

She still stared in mute amazement.

"Yes, the dearest, kindest cousin that ever man had; and simply for not falling in love with me!"

"In love with you! I never dreamed of such a thing. How had you the presumption to suppose it?"

"I did not; I only feared it."

"Feared it. Worse and worse. But you may be perfectly easy now, you see. Pray, however, how happens it that, being in love with me, you feared a return?"

"Dear Jessie, how shall I confess it? I was not in love!"

"Not in love yourself. Oh, delightful. Now we are on equal terms. You do not want to marry me, and, if you were the last man, I wouldn't marry you!"

"Don't be severe, dearest Jessie. Let me call you so now; it is more familiar, but it is, too, more affectionate; and now there is no danger, you know."

"None in the world to me; but who shall guarantee your safety, my hitherto invulnerable cousin? Take care. Perhaps I may be piqued into making myself irresistible yet."

"No, no," said Henry, shaking his head; "I have a stronger guarantee than you imagine. You shall hear."

"Nay, if you please, pray answer me one question first. Pray, sir, supposing you had 'made an indelible impression on my too susceptible heart,' as the novels say, what would you have done then?"

"Married you, of course, even at the sacrifice of myself."

"Sacrifice!" exclaimed Jessie, laughing heartily. "Well, there have been love-scenes, sentimental, tragical, passionate, heroic, sublime; but so ridiculous as this, never!"

"Ah, Jessie, to you it is all sport, but to me confusion and fear still."

"What, though I have refused you. What else can I do to make you happy? I thought but now that you were on the pinnacle of felicity, having escaped from me."

"Yes, for a moment; but have patience with me, Jessie; I cannot rest without explaining my strange conduct. I do not ask your love, but I cannot be denied your friendship—I dare not say your respect. It is not very late," and throwing more wood on the fire, placing a chair near it for her, and drawing another towards it, he seated himself by her side. "Now for my confession."

(To be Continued.)

THE Shah of Persia has purchased at Vienna six batteries of the Uchatius system, and has given an order for 25,000 muskets of the Wendt model.

RECENTLY a hundred men were blown up on the Solent by a torpedo, which was launched from a torpedo boat at an experimental vessel. The hundred men were experimental men, being made of sawdust.

## LOVED AND WRONGED.

"WHY, Sarah Jennifer, where are you going?"

The speaker was a pink, plump duckling of a woman, who, with a pink, plump baby in her arms, was hastening across the platform to take a waiting train. The woman she addressed was passing her, towards the waiting-room.

"From pillar to post, Mrs. Cusick—as usual," was her grim reply.

"Oh, dear! Why, I thought—"

"Come, Mattie, come!" called the tall proprietor of the pink duckling from amid his breast-works of shawl-straps and valises.

"Yes, dear. But, Sarah, I thought you were to stop with the Aborns."

"Julia came home. They didn't want me any longer. Good-bye."

"Too bad. I am so sorry. Stephen—where is he?"

And mother and babe disappeared in the swaying crowd.

Sarah Jennifer walked listlessly towards the waiting-room. Her train was not due for a half hour yet. She walked on, unwittingly, to find her fate.

It was a hot, dusty, midsummer afternoon. The express having come and gone, everything relapsed into stagnation. The ticket-issuer shut his window; the station-master looked his doze.

Sarah Jennifer stood and stared into the looking-glass, as if she was confronting her own soul.

She was about twenty years old. The country people would have described her as tall, thin and sandy.

Country people don't however, know much about "high art"—at least Miss Jennifer's neighbours did not. Neither did she herself. Nevertheless she had an intuitive sense of her own attractions.

"I am too thin," she said, contemplatingly, "but that might be remedied. My grey eyes and my teeth are certainly fine. A few freckles—I will try vinegar on them."

She lifted her hat, and disclosed a profusion of pale auburn hair. In raising her hand she revealed its slender symmetry. She had a foot and ankle to correspond.

"I used to think," she soliloquised, "that I wasn't a bit pretty, but that I could get along. But smartness is no good to a woman. She better have a pretty face and be an idiot—or make believe she's one. What a lot I've had so far, to be sure. Hustled here and posted there. Nursing, teaching, sewing—always doing the work of two instead of one, and nobody considering me worth my salt, after all. To think of Hattie Cusick, who don't know baa from boo! She could pick up a man who idolises her, gives her a comfortable home, takes her journeys. But then," added Miss Jennifer, reflectively, "I couldn't have picked up Stephen Cusick, or any of his sort. No, I couldn't."

She turned to sit down, and noticed a newspaper left by some of the passengers. It was a paper of the day's date.

Miss Jennifer, after the fashion of her calibre, turned the sheet and began to peruse the advertisements. Along the column she found this:

"WANTED—A companion to a young lady. A pleasant home for an unexceptionable person. Between twenty and thirty years of age preferred. Address, with all particulars, Mrs. JEROLD LATIMER, 8— Street, London."

Sarah Jennifer's attention fixed itself upon this advertisement.

"I wonder if I am an unexceptionable person?" she thought, with a curl of the lip.

She was still reading and re-reading the words absent-mindedly, when her train arrived, and, carrying the paper with her, she took her seat.

She had told Mrs. Cusick she was going from pillar to post. That was evidently a figure.

The facts were that she had been engaged to "help" the Aborns through hay-time. The

unforeseen home-coming of a married daughter had rendered Sarah superfluous, and the Aborns had "washed their hands," as they said, "of her," by securing the district school at Z—for her during the summer term. Thither she was now bound.

The contents of the advertisement before her gave her thoughts a sudden twist. Why shouldn't she strike out for herself?

The world was wide, and there was neither person, place nor thing to whom she owed allegiance.

No one was waiting her arrival when the train reached Z—

She found out the house of the trustee, who gave her the key to the schoolhouse, and promised to find a boarding-place for her before dark.

Quite by accident, Sarah had left the Aborns before dinner. It was now early supper-time, and she was hungry.

She contrived, however, to pass away the time which elapsed before the trustee could dispose of her, by draughting on a piece of wrapping-paper several forms of reply to the advertisement which had met her eye.

There was something congenial in the task. Finally she went to the book-shop, invested threepence from her meagre purses in paper, envelope and pen, a penny more in a stamp, and at nine o'clock that evening, by the light of a kerosene lamp, with a borrowed ink-bottle, she sat down in Mrs. Brown's attic chamber to compose the first letter she had ever had occasion to post. Three days later she received the following reply:

"Mrs. LATIMER was prepossessed by Miss Jennifer's letter of the 14th inst., and desires further communication, with frank and explicit descriptions. The service required is intelligent and sympathetic companionship for a young lady, seventeen years of age, the heiress of a large property, Miss Lillian Ford Latimer. In the way of taste, breeding and intelligence, everything will be exacted. Little or nothing of manual service is required. Compensation will be discretionary after trial."

To this Sarah Jennifer wrote from her desk in the schoolroom the following reply:

"MRS. LATIMER,—

My history may be told briefly. I was left an orphan when three years old. I was brought up and educated just as it happened, one and another keeping and taking care of me till I could be of use. I am twenty years old, with no ties. As to taste and breeding, if I have it, it is innately. I feel that I should enjoy serving Miss Latimer, as you describe. I am well enough educated to teach a district school. I am, however, without means or suitable clothes for such a position.

Respectfully,

"S. JENNIFER."

Mrs. Jerold Latimer pondered this letter, with others, as she sat upon her piazza of a summer morning, the blue beautiful river flowing smoothly to the sea, the brown-green mountains rising against the sultry sky, while her husband waited to hear her decision before he started for town.

Mrs. Latimer was a second wife, and a very superior woman.

When Mr. Latimer remarried, his main object, as he said, was to supply his only daughter with a suitable companion and guide.

"But dear Lillian," as Mrs. Latimer soon explained, "required an amount of attention incompatible with the discharge of her other duties."

A nervous affection impaired her eyesight, so that her education—indeed most of her information, must be received through the eyes of another.

Mrs. Latimer had not married an elderly widower in order to become his daughter's nurse.

"This letter from a person named Sarah Jennifer impresses me," Mrs. Latimer was saying: "the best of the batch. She is fresh and young, full of sympathy and affection, no doubt.

I have a mind to send for her to come to London, where I will look at her and decide."

Something within Mr. Latimer winced at the notion of his daughter's companion and friend being chosen by inspection, like a horse. But he only said:

"Very well. Send her the money for her journey, of course. And—in case she don't suit—some compensation for her—trouble."

"You are so considerate, Mr. Latimer. Such people expect to take their chances."

"Just as you choose, my dear. I hope she may suit you—and Lillian. Good-morning."

Lillian appeared just then, walking in an uncertain fashion peculiar to the blind.

She still saw, it is true, and her large brown eyes did not indicate blindness, but back at the nerve-centre was the grip of a cruel disease which would shut the world from the young soul by-and-by.

Her father lifted the round, babyish face in his hands and kissed it tenderly, then raised his hat to his wife, and was gone.

Lillian remained standing, her arms in their loose white sleeves hanging at her side, her head thrown back, the light breeze waving the rings of her short dark hair—a fair, helpless, trusting child.

Her step-mother watched her with compressed lips.

Lillian was in her way, in the way of her child—the robust yearling boy whom Mr. Latimer never noticed as he did this stupid, unfortunate girl.

"A companion who would interest her—monopolise her," thought Mrs. Latimer, "would be a great boon to me."

Sarah Jennifer arrived in London, according to Mrs. Latimer's instructions, by the night-train, and taking a cab, was driven to an hotel and shown to a private room.

Here breakfast was served, and the news conveyed that Mrs. Latimer would arrive at ten o'clock.

Out of the experience of some novel which had come in her way, she found fortitude to say to the servant:

"You may go. I will ring if I want anything."

She had slept well, and was fresh as a primrose. She looked around her with delight. The morning air came freshly through the curtains; the gay rumble of the street was enchanting; the mirrors and vases and rugs had the fascination of unimagined luxury.

She tossed her hat and gloves in a chair, and sat down to her muffins and white raspberries with appetite.

"My star has risen," she said, as she emptied the contents of the little silver cream-jug into her coffee-cup.

It was nine o'clock. The door opened, and Mrs. Latimer entered unexpectedly.

"It will be very warm by-and-by, so I took the early train," she explained, carelessly. "How do you do, Miss Jennifer? Do not let me interrupt your breakfast."

"I have finished, and was only comforting my soul with coffee till you should come," said the girl, readily, meeting Mrs. Latimer's well-bred stare without embarrassment.

"In that case let us proceed to business. Only—allow me to say, coffee injures the complexion, and—yours is too fine to spoil."

"It has not helped me to earn my living," laughed Sarah.

"It may," was the retort. A moment's pause.

"Are you ambitious, Miss Jennifer?"

"I may be. I don't know. I am unformed. My bent will depend on my circumstances, I suppose."

"You are wise to see it so. You please me. I have circumstances to offer you favourable to your future. Are you strong enough to use and not abuse them?"

"I cannot tell that, Mrs. Latimer."

"I wonder you did not say that you hoped to do your duty."

"Well, I am not sure about that, either," said the girl, impassively.

Mrs. Latimer fanned herself slowly.

"Strong, unscrupulous, valuable, dangerous,"



was her mental estimate of the woman before her. At last she said, "You have brought your credentials?"

"Yes," unfolding Deacon Aborn's cramped and blotched testimonial to the effect that he had known Sarah Jennifer from her youth up, and that he wished her well as an honest and God-fearing girl.

Mrs. Latimer's lip quivered slightly at the wording of the description.

"Miss Jennifer," she said, "I propose to take a bold course. I shall ask you to go home with me for a month—as a guest. At the end of that time we will see what is best for us both. I shall be pleased to provide a simple wardrobe which will put you at your ease among people who dress well. For the rest, I shall only suggest that to be respected by others, it is simply necessary to fully respect yourself."

"And—Miss Latimer?" Sarah asked, calmly. "You will see her. If you can make her love you, it is all that will be required."

"Is she loveable?"

Sarah Jennifer was on an equality already with the elegant and "superior" Mrs. Latimer. She perceived that she was to serve a purpose, and she felt the power implied.

"Lilian is nearly eighteen, but still a child. She will never be anything else. She is affectionate, sensitive, not at all clever. She is pretty; but for her affliction, she would be charming."

"As it is, she will soon have suitors. From her own mother—I am Mrs. Latimer's second wife—she inherits a large fortune. I hope that your strength of mind will prevent her from forming an unseasonable or inauspicious attachment—in case you become her companion. As for the rest, we shall have ample time for discussion. At present we will attend to our shopping so as to return by the two o'clock train. You will excuse my scrutiny, Miss Jennifer—I am an artist in dress, and I am deciding upon the style which will suit you. Some white cambrics with Torchon trimmings, for morning. A blue flannel costume for wet days and for the woods. A black silk with a Roman sash for afternoon."

"A Leghorn Derby trimmed with velvet; a garden-hat, with blue gauze. Gloves, lingerie—we shall find them all at S——'s. And boots—as to your size? Really, Miss Jennifer, I should not have supposed you had so delicate a foot."

"Why not, Mrs. Latimer?"

The lady coloured faintly.

It was not going to be easy to be rude to Miss Jennifer.

"I meant, of course, with your height."

"Because," said Sarah, complacently, "one's foot is sometimes taken as an indication of one's parentage, and for aught I know my parentage may have been imperial."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Latimer, as she rang for her carriage.

"Lilian rides horseback. So you will require a habit. She has dancing-lessons—you will share them."

"You are placing me under great obligations, Mrs. Latimer."

"It will be in your power to return them some day," was the lady's reply.

To come down in the world—that is hard. To come up is easy.

Miss Jennifer's young, supple frame suffered no constraint in fine new clothes.

Her appetite readily accommodated itself to dainty fare, her limbs to a luxurious couch.

The tall form fitted to the outline of a Hebe. The freckles disappeared under the garden hat trimmed with blue gauze.

Her starved, cheated soul arose with mighty demands upon the universe.

Before the first week of her stay at Melrose had expired she found herself the recipient of Mr. Latimer's finest old-fashioned bow, while Mrs. Latimer's maid expended her Frenchiest skill in the arrangement of what she called "Made-moiselle's temptation hair."

As for Lilian, she was ready to devour with

love anything, from her cat to her companion. She bored Miss Jennifer a little, it is true, but everything has its drawbacks, as that young lady philosophically reflected.

At the expiration of the month it was hardly necessary for Mrs. Latimer to inquire:

"Will you stay with us, Miss Jennifer?"

"Gladly."

"In regard to your salary—it shall be ample for spending-money. I shall not expect that you can save much. You incline, I think, to be—a trifle too economical in dress."

"It is the force of habit, I suppose. And perhaps the feeling that I would not 'put on airs' too soon."

"Very well. Consult my taste, if you choose. I like to see people well dressed."

"How do my eyes look this morning, Sarah?" Lilian inquired, one September morning, as she joined Miss Jennifer on the piazza before breakfast.

"They are too beautiful always," Sarah answered, with sincerity; for the soft, pathetic eyes were truly lovely.

"But you know what I mean. Do they show—that I do not see well? Sometimes they look vacant—you know what I mean—with a little shudder—"blind. Do they look so to-day?"

And Lilian's hand grew hot as it tightened around Miss Jennifer's wrist.

"You must be calm, Lily. That is what harms your eyes, you know—excitement. What is going on to-day, especially, that you want to look unusually beautiful?"

She passed her arm around Miss Jennifer's waist, in her tender, clinging fashion, her head with its short dark curls coming scarcely above the other's shoulder.

"Sarah, I am going to tell you my secret."

"What, have you a secret? Have you found the humming-bird's nest, or a meadow full of blue gentian, or what can it be?"

"It is a serious secret, dear? I do not know how I have kept it from you so long. Yes, it is something I have found. But it was early last spring that I found it. I found my heart—my own little heart—found that somebody owned it."

"Oh, Lilian, you baby!"

"No, I am not a baby. I am a strong woman in my love."

"Dear child, dear Lilian, who is it? Tell me," said Miss Jennifer, with unusual feeling, and an evil presentiment tightening about her heart, she knew not why.

"You have never seen him. His name is Philip Fletcher. We have always known them—all the Fletchers. And Philip is so grand and strong and handsome, and a great deal older than I. Last winter he tried to teach me, but all he could teach me was to worship him. I didn't know it at first, but in the spring they were all going to Italy, and when he told me of it—I don't know how I acted; like a baby sure enough, I suppose. We were all alone together, and Philip took me in his arms and said, 'Don't grieve, my little darling. I will come back to you.' And now, Sarah, he is coming back. The steamer was reported in last evening's papers. Before I sleep again I shall see him, Philip, my king!"

Miss Jennifer pressed Lilian's hand.

"Does your father or Mrs. Latimer know of this, dear?"

"Not yet. But Philip will speak, I am sure, as soon as he comes back. He will ask papa for me."

"Why do you feel so sure, Lilian? He may not have meant just what you think, by his words."

"I feel that he did," said the girl. And, beside, Sarah, they would like it so to have him marry me. I mean his mother and sisters and all. They had a great deal of money once, but something happened to it. And if I was Philip's wife—why you see it would be just as if they got back their money."

"And does your father like this wonderful Philip, my dear Lilian?"

"Oh, yes. Papa used to say, 'Philip, I wish my little girl had you to take care of her all the while. You have taught her,' he used to say,

'all she knows, and you give her all the happiness she has.' Papa used to say that often. You see the Fletchers are second cousins to my own mamma. So it is not like strangers—is it, Sarah?"

Mrs. Latimer came down a few minutes late to breakfast that morning, with a pale face. She had just received a telegram announcing her mother's extreme illness.

It was necessary for her to start at once, while business matters rendered it impracticable for Mr. Latimer to leave for two or three days.

"Can I be of any service?" Miss Jennifer inquired.

"Of great service, if you will accompany me on this journey," said Mrs. Latimer.

"If Lilian can spare me?"

"Surely I would not be so selfish as to keep you. Ah, if I were only strong and helpful, and could be of service to people," she added.

"Think what you are to me," Miss Jennifer whispered.

Two hours later Lilian was bidding the two ladies good-bye at the station, her disconsolate little heart half-eased by the hope that the day would bring back Philip Fletcher.

It was at the close of a dull short winter day that Mrs. Latimer, accompanied by her husband and Miss Jennifer, returned to Melrose.

"I hope you are not going to dress for dinner, dear Sarah," said Lilian, who had followed her companion to her room. "Philip is downstairs, and I want you to see him before the rest come in."

Sarah glanced at her dark cloth suit, no wise travel-soiled from her luxurious journey.

It fitted her fine form perfectly; the delicate collar at her throat was quite fresh, and her hair no more than gracefully tumbled by the pressure of her hat.

She had become exacting concerning her own appearance, but on this occasion it satisfied her.

"I daresay I look well enough for one in my position," she said.

"I wish I could see just how you did look," said Lilian, tremulously. "Sarah—my eyes—they are worse."

She clung to Miss Jennifer with an hysterical sob.

Sarah had a mesmeric touch; she passed her hand across Lilian's forehead, and it soothed her.

"But I am so glad that I knew Philip when I could see. I know just how he looks. I shall never forget a single expression."

"It is still 'Philip, Philip,' I find," Sarah said, smiling.

"We are engaged," answered Lilian, breathlessly. "I am to be his wife." She wound her arms about Miss Jennifer and whispered her confession. "Come now," she added, "we will not leave him any longer alone. Oh, Sarah, I am happier than other girls, even with these poor eyes."

The drawing-room was still unlighted as the girls passed through it to a small music-room, where a cluster of wax candles burning on the organ shed a subdued light.

Philip Fletcher was reading a newspaper beside them.

The light steps on the heavy carpets did not disturb him, and Sarah Jennifer scrutinised the man she was about to meet, from the standpoint of her own interests.

Lilian's marriage would be quite likely to cost her her place—unless Lilian's husband liked her.

He must like her, then. The case was clear. As she walked the length of the room, she was deciding as to the best method by which to accomplish her end—deciding as to Philip Fletcher's "make-up"—not without anxiety.

She saw a brown-bearded, cold-eyed, handsome man of thirty; polished, intellectual, unemotional.

"The man of all others whom I could serve," was her impression. "But not the man who will think well of me," and a sudden humility overcame her.



[THE BLIND GIRL'S LOVE.]

Mr. Fletcher sprang up at Lillian's approach, to meet her—her helplessness made everybody very tender.

She found his outstretched hand instinctively.

Holding it, she put Sarah Jennifer's within it.

She kept her own clasped about the two as she said:

"You two know all about each other without my introduction. Philip, this is Miss Jennifer. You will be glad she has come back to take care of me, so you can be spared once in a while. Poor boy," she went on, caressingly, "he has hardly had an hour to himself. I have been so exacting."

"Oh, now," he laughed, "I discover the cause of your anxiety for Miss Jennifer's return. It is that you may get rid of me."

"You know better than that," twining her arms about his. "I am so happy, Philip. But"—in a whisper—"I have been a little afraid you would get tired of me."

Lillian was dressed in a pale cashmere dress, with a Grecian border of gold thread and wide sleeves lined with satin.

As she stood there with her short, curling hair and delicate, childish face, Sarah thought of Nydia and Glaucus in the last days of Pompeii, and wondered, half-piteously, if that strong, cold man would find all he required in his union with this shallow, tender, sightless child.

Lillian's engagement was apparently satisfactory to all.

It was eminently so to the Fletchers, to whom

it was all-important that Philip should marry money.

Mrs. Latimer liked it, as it would remove Lillian from home and out of the reach of her father's idolatry.

And Mr. Latimer was rejoiced to see his poor child so happy.

The family were to go to London after the holidays.

Miss Jennifer's position in the household remained unchanged.

Lillian, Mr. Fletcher, and herself were almost constantly unchanged.

The season was mild, and they continued their rides over the hard, dry roads, the exercise being especially recommended for Lillian.

There were hours when Mr. Fletcher read aloud—pausing for the three to discuss the subject—for Sarah and Mr. Fletcher to discuss, that is.

For Lillian to interrupt with her pretty, foolish speeches.

Then, also, there was company coming and going.

Sarah's place was, of course, near Lillian.

Mr. Fletcher's place was there also.

There was perpetual contact—the very truest of companionship.

Two or three times Sarah Jennifer found herself holding back instinctively from this dangerous intimacy.

She knew it was dangerous to her.

But her tact forbade her to reveal her knowledge to others.

It was the evening preceding the removal to the city, where they occupied apartments in an hotel.

Lillian, having a severe headache, had gone to bed and fallen asleep.

Mrs. Latimer had likewise retired to her room.

Sarah wrapped a thick shawl about her and went out into the frosty starlight to walk off some nervous disquietude.

Before ten minutes had elapsed she saw the library door opened, and Mr. Fletcher came out and joined her.

"Lillian is not with me, Mr. Fletcher," she said, nervously. "I left her sound asleep a few minutes since."

"I knew Lillian was not with you," Philip said, composedly. "Have you any objections to my sharing your walk?"

"I am not in a position to object to whatever may be your pleasure."

"I did not think of your taking my remark in that way," he answered. "In fact, I should beg to disagree with your statement. A woman of your character—and gifts—is never in a position where she may not do as she chooses."

"You are wrong," said Sarah, impulsively. "If I did as I chose I should often run away from"—she felt the mistake of the admission, and ended, laughing—"from you."

"I am sorry to hear that. It has been a source of much comfort to me that Lillian could have such a friend and companion as yourself. I have associated the idea of your society quite inseparably with my plans—after my marriage."

Sarah Jennifer shook her head with lips compressed.

"I do not believe it will be possible for me to stay with you," she said.

The declaration was involuntary.

All her schemes had been hitherto for retaining her position.

"You surprise and grieve me," said Philip. "What has forced you to this conclusion? Have I? Has Lillian?"

"No—no. You have all been only too kind. You—you must not ask me for my reasons, Mr. Fletcher."

"You are shivering, Miss Jennifer. Are you cold?"

"Not at all. I am tired—nervous. I thought the cool air would refresh me."

"It will. Take my arm. Let us walk out of the shade of these dismal junipers into the road. The subject of your remaining with Lillian is of great moment, to her comfort and mine. Let us talk frankly about it. I have depended upon you so entirely that it upsets me wholly to think of your leaving us. Your objections must, I am sure, be fanciful. Tell me frankly what they are. I can almost promise in advance that they shall be removed."

"If the objections were such as could be removed I would not consider them objections," the girl answered.

"You are enigmatical, Miss Jennifer."

"But they exist—as you sometimes say, in the nature of things."

"Please go on, Miss Jennifer."

She drew a long, hard breath.

"Mr. Fletcher, you referred to my character,—to my gifts—a few moments since. Have you ever thought—can you imagine how it must affect me sometimes to live in sight of—in sympathy with, noble natures, pure, absorbing affections, and feel that nothing of the kind exists for me? I am an inferior, a menial. It is no more thought of that I am fitted for the love or admiration or sympathy of those with whom I am thrown than that the chambermaid is fitted to wear her mistress's jewels."

"Sympathy! admiration!" repeated Philip, in a low tone. "You little dream to what an extent you possess mine."

"Hush!" she said, passionately. "Do not sully the ideal I have formed of you by a disloyal word. Let us go home, Mr. Fletcher, if you please."

She dropped his arm and turned, walking rapidly.



The man kept beside her. He had one vague sentiment.

Something must be done, or he should lose Sarah Jennifer from his life for ever.

What could he do?

What dare he do?

What did he want to do?

"Your conclusions are all wrong," he said, finally. "With whom could you stand on more complete equality than with us? Who would love or admire you more than Lillian does—than I do? Stay with us, Miss Jennifer, till we make you feel that you have a place in our hearts worthy of yourself—of your brilliant mind—your beautiful person."

"This is frank talk. I never meant to put my words into such trite words. But your own words have evoked them. I cannot lose you. You are Lillian's second self. She thinks and feels no less than sees through you. I may almost say that her affections take their character from your stronger character. Sometimes—forgive me—I seem almost to possess your heart through hers."

"I do not offend you? I will not offend you. Let me only make me recognise your importance to my Lillian. How can she do without you when I take her, as my wife, into the world? We shall have guests? They must be entertained. There must be buying and managing and selecting."

"Who will it be done by? The news, the intelligence of the day must be put in shape for her apprehension. Who will attend to it? Miss Jennifer, we are dependent, wholly dependent, upon you for our future happiness and comfort. Take what you will in return for what you give, but do not abandon us."

Miss Jennifer fully regained her composure during this long, impulsive speech.

She wondered to herself that she had ever considered Philip Fletcher cold, or thought his voice and eyes passionless.

His tribute to her value did not flatter her into blindness.

She saw the reality of the position he pictured so gracefully.

Should she do right by herself, right by Lillian, if she accepted it? No, she knew that she should not.

Should she be strong enough to hold it blameless?

Would he be strong enough to hold it blameless?

No, they would not.

And yet?

What were the alternatives for her? Relapse into drudgery.

To leanness and hard work, with just the chance that some common, honest man might love her with a common, honest love which she could not return.

They were hearing the house. As yet she had not spoken.

"You will give me your promise, Miss Jennifer?" Philip asked, in a heart-sick, reproachful tone.

"Yes," she said, rather hastily. "I cannot refuse it."

And she walked impetuously away.

Nothing could have been lovelier than Lillian as a bride.

She walked up the church aisle in her lace robe wrought with lilies, clinging to Philip Fletcher's arm, so familiar, so secure that it was not noticeable that she no longer tried to see.

She had grown so accustomed to his guidance and support—his or Sarah's—that her dependent security seemed her natural air.

Through the chancel-window the sunshine fell in gorgeous shafts, and the odour of orange blossoms rose in sweet incense.

Sarah Jennifer stood with the group around the altar, just behind the bride.

As Philip turned to utter his marriage vows and place the ring on Lillian's trembling finger his eyes met hers.

Their two faces blanched suddenly.

Sarah's eyes once and for ever sealed the wild reproach and agony of her heart.

The man's dropped before them. He faltered and stammered.

It was too late.

No one noticed the by-play. But Sarah Jennifer said to herself, as the words of the service went on:

"He had the power. He would not use it. Heaven help his sufferings—for he shall suffer. I vow it here."

The bride and groom went quietly and alone together to Melrose for the first week of the honeymoon.

On their return they were to sail for America, Sarah accompanying them.

Then the tragedy began.

Philip Fletcher had sometimes been called a cold man.

He had counted on himself as such, as a man may who reaches thirty without having a love-affair.

But his self-deceit slipped off like a loosened mask now.

He had cheated himself.

Only an idiot would have done that, he said to himself, as he confessed it.

Lillian was sea-sick, and had to keep her state-room most of the voyage.

Sarah, too, kept secluded in her own, adjoining.

And the ten days elapsed without Lillian ever having been left without either her husband or Sarah beside her.

During the entire voyage, therefore, the two never exchanged a word except in the young wife's presence.

On the last evening Sarah went on deck from eight to nine.

She was standing alone by the railing absorbed in bitter thought, and hesitating to accomplish some act she was evidently meditating.

In her hand, as she held it tightly clasped, was a beautiful enamelled locket—a gift from Lillian containing her own and her husband's portraits.

Sarah opened her hand, unobserved, as she thought.

The moonbeams fell upon the portraits.

She pressed one to her lips, then, loosening it from her lips, she flung it with a shudder far out into the quiet sea.

"What were you doing, Sarah?" asked Philip, coming up beside her.

"I was burying my dead," she answered.

"Why are you here?"

She spoke in a terse, commanding tone that would have astonished those who recognised the two as "that lucky Fletcher" and his wife's "companion."

"Lillian is asleep," he answered, humbly.

"Am I never to speak to you, Sarah?"

"Why should you. No."

"It is unnatural. People will wonder if we constantly avoid each other. What did you throw away?"

"Your portrait."

"You hate me, then? Do not hate me. Pity me."

"I wish neither to hate nor to pity. I wish to be rid of you for ever. When we reach New York to-morrow I shall insist that you send me home."

They were nearly of a height as they stood face to face, erect, imperious, his eyes flashing against hers.

"Be merciful, Sarah," he said, in a suppressed tone. "Order me. I will obey, but do not leave me. Your presence is all that makes life endurable. If you deprive me of that I will cast myself after the portrait you have thrown into the sea."

"Why did you not find this out sooner?" asked Sarah.

"You may well ask. It is a question I ask myself hour by hour. But you know why. And you know also that my death would kill Lillian. If you leave us, therefore, you are a murderess. Besides, what will you gain by going? Your heart will be mine away—as it is here—and mine yours. Let us live on, Sarah, the pure friends we are, to take care of our poor sweet Lillian. Our secret shall never wrong or harm her. Heaven in mercy has closed her eyes to

the betrayals of our eyes. And only with our eyes, which she cannot see, will we confess what we are to one another."

"It is all wrong, and we are only making it worse."

"What is that we are making worse?" asked a weak, happy little voice, approaching.

Lillian had waked, had felt well, and, with the assistance of the stewardess, had come up on deck to find her husband.

"My child," stammered Philip, with ice in his veins.

"As I was saying," interposed Miss Jennifer, in an even voice, "giving up to every little ailment only makes it worse. I am glad you have mustered courage to come up. Hereafter you will have to do everything and go everywhere that Mr. Fletcher says. It is the best way, Lillian. We do not mean to leave you behind any more."

So she wrapped her own shawl about Philip's wife.

Placing her in a camp-chair, and leaving her with her husband, she went below.

The fright of their escape from discovery hung heavily upon Sarah and Philip for days to come.

They scarcely looked at, much less addressed, each other.

But their guilty consciousness was there, biding its time.

They went to Niagara.

The air agreed with Lillian.

The quiet and grandeur and simplicity of the life suited them all.

Philip Fletcher went fishing and boating constantly.

Everything seemed easier than it had aboard the steamer.

Lillian was, however, afraid of the small boat, which precluded Sarah from enjoying it also.

She dropped a hint of this inadvertently at the supper-table the evening prior to their leaving the region.

It was only a hint, but Philip felt irritated at the idea of her disappointment.

"It is foolish to be afraid, Lillian," he said to his wife. "Come, make up your mind for a sail to-morrow afternoon, or Miss Jennifer and I will go without you."

"Please don't make me go, Philip. I would much rather be left at home."

"I shall not go without you, Lillian, never fear," Sarah responded.

"We will all go," said Philip, quietly—with that sort of quiet which ordinarily settles a woman.

Sarah looked at him. Her resolution was suddenly taken.

She could not and would not remain with them longer.

Lillian and he should take a sail together, and she would run away.

With all her heart, she persuaded Lillian to acquiesce in the proposed excursion.

When the time arrived the three walked in apparently gay spirits to the boat.

Suddenly pausing on the steps, Miss Jennifer said:

"I have taken a whim. I am going to walk to that point yonder, where you can stop and take me into the boat."

"Oh, Sarah, you are afraid!" cried Lillian.

"They said it looked squally. Tell me, truly, does it?"

"Not at all, Lillian, or, if it does, I shall be with you in time to catch it. We will see who reaches the point first."

"I am not willing that you should go without a guide," said Philip, crossly.

"Very well. I will go back to the hotel, change my boots, and find old Ferguson," and, without waiting for discussion, she left Philip and Lillian to set off alone.

Once out of their sight, she sped on like the wind.

She had her packing done, and would have sufficient time to catch the train going to New York.

Quite out of breath, she entered her room, snatched up her keys, and begun fastening her boxes. But Philip had followed her.

"What does this mean?" he asked, savagely, throwing open the door she had not taken time to bolt.

"It means that I shall save you from yourself, and myself from further torture," she said, defying him. "Go back to your wife, and let me be."

He stepped up to her.

"Never," he said; "you will go back with me, or I will go on with you. Did you think you could deceive me?"

A faint giddiness came over her.

"Oh, Philip!" calling him for the first time by his Christian name, and stretching her hands outwards.

He was beside her.

He took her recklessly in his arms, and kissed her with a kind of brutal exultation in his achievement.

"Let us go on," he said, "to the train. I am ready."

She pushed him back.

Her eyes blazed.

"Philip Fletcher," she exclaimed, "have you gone mad?"

"Yes, I am mad, and you know the reason," he answered.

"Well, I, at least, am sane. Come, let us go back. Your wife will be tired of waiting."

Lilian said she did not mind waiting, when they apologised.

"Such cowards always bring foul weather," said Philip. "Don't creak any more, Lilian."

"I won't, Philip. Please don't speak cross," she replied.

It was well she could not see the scowl on his face.

Philip set the sail. Sarah took the tiller.

No one talked.

Suddenly an exclamation from Philip broke the silence.

He sprang to his feet.

"Steady, Sarah!" he called out. "Heaven help us!"

The change had come, as spasmodic as his words.

A sulphurous wind came rustling down the mountain gorge, rippling the blackening waters, and catching the boat as if it were only a wisp of straw.

Lilian was smiling at her husband's fright, unconscious of danger.

A moment later the three were struggling in the water.

Two hours afterwards Miss Sarah Jennifer lay half drowned upon a rude bank in a small tourists' camp, where she had been conveyed and restored.

The sudden current had borne her quite a distance from the scene of the accident.

"Do not let anyone know that I am saved," was her first coherent expression.

"But, madame, your friends—"

"It is best they should take me for dead. If you would show mercy to three unfortunate human beings conceal me for a time."

The young artists upon whose hospitalities the girl was thus thrust respected her mystery and kept her secret.

While the unbetraying waters were being dragged and the shores explored, and Lilian, prostrate with nervous fever, hovering between life and death at the hotel, Sarah, in the stuff gown of an old peasant woman, was concealed in the camp.

"Poor Lilian," she reflected from time to time.

"But the greatest kindness I can show her is to keep away from her."

Meanwhile, her first act was to write to Mrs. Latimer.

To her she gradually told the whole story, asking her only to furnish her the means to reach home.

The reply came promptly:

"I more than feared something of what has befallen. You have acted wisely. I will befriend you always."

A cheque was enclosed.

Sarah bade her entertainers a grateful goodbye, and left the neighbourhood with no one suspecting her identity.

Before leaving she learned that Lilian had partially recovered, and that she and her husband had started for England.

Sarah Jennifer took a passage by the next boat.

Two days after her arrival in London a notice in the "Times" announced Lilian's death, after a brief relapse.

As yet no one but Mrs. Latimer, who had kept her counsel, knew of Sarah Jennifer's adventures.

"Mr. Fletcher shall never suspect that I was not drowned," she said, passionately, when she heard the sequel. "Poor Lilian—dear Lilian, I will expiate the crime she will never know of now."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Latimer's influence obtained for Miss Jennifer a desirable position in a prosperous school.

There, though two years have elapsed since her rescue from the deep, she still obscurely works.

Philip Fletcher, morose, conscience-stricken, unhappy, expiates his wrongs also, still believing that the two women whom he loved and wronged in different degrees are lost to him for ever.

And the end is not yet.

W. H. P.

## FACETIÆ.

BY A BOARD SCHOOLBOY.

WANTED to know the shortest cut to long division. —Judy.

CURIOUS FACT.

Few people are wise, and fewer are weather wise; but many are otherwise. —Judy.

LATEST FROM CANADA.

THE national game of La Crosse has been dropped by fashionable circles, who now play "Loo" in honour of the new Vice-royse.

—Funny Folks.

A LITTLE boy hearing some one remark that nothing was quicker than thought, said:

"I know something that is quicker than thought."

"What is it, Johnny?" asked his pa.

"Whistling," said Johnny. "When I was in school yesterday I whistled before I thought, and got caned for it, too."

SATISFIED.

SHE (betwittingly): "Oh, I'm so glad you're going to see me to my carriage, Mr. Brown."

HE (flattered): "Indeed; and may I ask why?"

SHE: "Oh, because the girls are so jealous, and I want to prove that I do not monopolise all the good-looking men."

Brown satisfied, but not so happy as he expected to be.

DUMB AND DEAF.

HE was alone in office writing up some items one morning, when a stranger came in, presented a scrap of paper with the words, scrawled awkwardly:

"I am dumb and deaf, and have nothing to buy bread; can you help me?" Wheeling glanced at it, looked up, then out of the window, trying to recall a local item.

"How long have you been that way?" he asked, a little absently.

"About ten years," said the dumb man, thrown off his guard.

The local instantly resumed his labours, and the mendicant did not persist.

A SHARP LAWYER.

A VERY fair story comes from one of our courts.

One of those shrewd, sharp and sarcastic lawyers, of that class who take demoniacal joy and unspenakable pride in twisting a witness into

a labyrinth of difficulties, had occasion, some time ago, to cross-examine a gentleman of some little prominence.

The sharp lawyer managed, after much skilful manœuvring, to so confuse the witness that the only answer that he could obtain to his questions was:

"I don't recollect."

When the lawyer had had this answer returned to him a score or so of times, his patience gave out.

"Tell me, Mr. J.," he exclaimed, with bitter sarcasm, "do you ever remember anything?"

"I can," was the response.

"Can you carry your memory back for twenty years, and tell me a single instance that happened then?"

"Yes, I think I can," returned the witness, who had regained some composure.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer, gleefully rubbing his hands in orthodox legal fashion. "Now, that is consoling. Come, now, sir, what is this instance which you remember, so well?"

"Well, sir, I remember that twenty years ago, when you were admitted to the Bar, your father came to me to borrow five pounds to buy you a suit, that you might make a presentable appearance at commencement, and I have a distinct recollection that your father never paid the six pounds back to me."

Confusion changes hands at this point of the proceedings, and the lawyer dismisses the witness without more ado.

BASHFUL.

A BASHFUL young man went three times to ask a beautiful young lady if he might be the partner of her joys and sorrows and other household furniture, but each time his heart failed him, and he took the question away unpoped. She saw the anguish of his soul, and had compassion on him.

So the next time he came she asked him if he thought to bring a screwdriver with him. He blushed, and wanted to know what for. And she, in the fulness of her heart, said she didn't know but he'd want to screw up his courage before he left.

He took the hint.

SCENE ON THE BOULEVARDS.

"Good day! How are you?"

"Pretty well."

"And your wife?"

"She is travelling."

"For her health?"

"No; for mine."

WITTY.

A LAWYER once asked the late Judge Fickens, of Alabama, to charge the jury that "it is better that ninety and nine guilty men should escape than one innocent man should be punished."

"Yes," said the witty judge, "I will give that charge; but, in the opinion of the Court, the ninety and nine guilty men have already escaped in this county."

HIS BUTTON.

A POPULAR doctor, while escorting a lady home the other evening, attempted to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a troche. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in her mouth.

No relief was experienced, and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a trousers button, with a note, saying that he must have given her the wrong kind of troche, and he might need this one.

Two lawyers while bathing the other day were chased out of the water by a shark. This is a most flagrant case of want of professional courtesy.

An Aberdeen philosopher says that the most difficult act to perform is to pick up a chalk mark on the doorstep on a dark night, under the impression that it is a letter.

A SUIT OR A SUIT (E).

HUSBAND: "Why not take that dress, dear, and have done with it?"



WIFE (with cutting irony): "Certainly, darling, if you don't mind the expense of having the drawing-room re-furnished."

HUSBAND: "Drawing-room re-furnished?"

WIFE: "Well, yes; you can hardly expect me to sit on a red sofa in a magenta dress; and I should have thought that it was more economical to have a dress to suit the room than to have the room altered to suit the dress. But you know best—of course!"

Husband collapses.

—Funny Folks.

#### A PILL TO SWALLOW!

A DECIDEDLY uncomfortable invention is said to be on the way from America.

If a man wishes to have no secrets from his medical adviser he shall swallow a pill containing a minute apparatus for the production of the electric light.

Granting that he is sufficiently translucent—which seems to be a doubtful matter—the state of his digestion will be at once made manifest.

#### "THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL."

THE MAJOR: "Would you advise me to have these few hairs in front cut off?"

HAIRCUTTER: "U—m—Well, sir—I should hesitate before I sacrificed my only hornament!"

—Punch.

#### GRATIFYING.

YOUNG PERSON (applying for housemaid's place, where a footman was kept, objected to children, was engaged to, and visited by, a most 'spectacle young man in the 'Orse Artillery, and with a fortnight's character from her last place, but who altogether does not exactly suit): "I really am sorry, mum, for I rather like your appearance, mum!"

—Punch.

#### THE POLICE IN THE PUEBLEOS.

THE frequency of suburban robberies occasions the inhabitants of the suburbs to cry aloud:

"Where are the police?"

Echo answers as usual; but a more distinct reply is returnable by the peripatetic observer. The police are mostly stationed about the public-houses to look out for infringements of the Licensing Act. Wanted, in the neighbourhood of this metropolis, a sufficiency of policemen to attend not only to public, but also to private houses.

—Punch.

#### CHANGE OF NAME.

SOMERSET HOUSE is to be re-christened Somerset House in consequence of the numerous "headers" taken from the adjoining bridge.

—Fun.

#### HANDY.

WE are indebted to a Genoese for a suggestion which, if carried out, would bring comfort to many of us. It is an adaptation of clockwork to the phonograph, so that at a fixed hour it may shout out any sentence or phrase which has been committed to it.

The machine will rouse sleepy people with a cry of "Wake up!" and it might even be arranged to call out to tiresome visitors to "Rise up and get out!" Science has taken mighty strides of late years, and this is quite evidently one in the right direction.

—Judy.

#### STATISTICS.

AMERICAN COTTON WOOL.—Some experiments have lately been made in the United States with the object of obtaining exact measurements of the fibre of various qualities of cotton wool. The result of these experiments shows that the fibre of the New Orleans staple varies most commonly from 1-1600th to 1-1200th of an inch in diameter; about 40 of these fibres or tubes compose a thread of "No. 38" yarn—that is 38 hanks to the pound. Ordinary printing-cloth has in the bleached state 493 lineal feet of fibre, or 106 square inches of external surface of fibre, in a square inch, which weighs nearly one grain. It is easy to compress 210

folds of this cloth into the thickness of 1 inch. It has then a specific gravity of 0.8. One cubic inch has 94,163 lineal feet of tube, and 16.8 feet of external surface; or, if the internal surface be also included in the calculation, there appears to be no less than 30 square feet of surface of fibre in 1 cubic inch of compressed calico.

#### THE LUCKY RED EAR.

IN the mellow, hazy harvest-time,  
When the wheat and the barley  
sheaves

That were gleaned from summer's  
generous fields,

Were piled to the gabled eaves,  
Old farmer Mabin's threshing-floor  
Was heaped with unhusked corn;  
And yellow or red—ah, none could tell,  
Till the ears of their husks were  
short.

From far and near the lassies came,  
From near and far each swain;  
And with jocund laugh and merry jest,  
They circled the waiting grain.  
And fast and faster the quick hands  
flew,

And the shining ripe ears rolled  
Adown the well-worn threshing-floor,  
Till it looked like a sea of gold.

Now farmer Mabin's daughter Kate  
Shook her wealth of golden curls,  
As the "first red ear" in her apron's  
folds

Was displayed to the envious girls.  
But young eyes are keen, and her lover  
saw,

And swift to her side he sprang,  
And he left love's rose on her glowing  
cheek,

While the rafters with laughter  
rang.

And when the last of the corn was  
husked,

And the huskers homeward strayed,  
The moon, through the great elm-  
boughs, looked down

On a youth and a fair-haired maid;  
Her small white hand, like a captive  
bird,

In his hand timidly lay,  
As she promised to wed when next the  
months

Rolled 'round a husking-day.

Then she 'broidered her beautiful  
bridal-dress,

With sprays like tassels of corn;  
And anon the crimson autumn sun  
Ushered in her wedding morn;

And while the harvesters gathered the  
maize,

And loaded the wains, there fell  
On their listening ears the magical  
tones

Of her joyous wedding-bell.

But years rolled on, and that golden  
head

Now wears Time's silvery crown;  
And the youth that wooed in the elm-  
tree's shade,

Life's vale is tottering down;  
Yet, still where they heap the golden  
grain,

Red ears are sure to stray,  
And recall the charm that lingers  
round

Their own sweet wedding-day.

L. S. U.

#### GEMS.

LITTLE services are willingly appreciated, for they are not worth the trouble of ingratitude.

NOTHING condemns more powerfully the violence of the wicked than the moderation of the good.

To know how to listen is a great art; it is to know how to gain instruction from everyone.

THE human mind is like a vast firmament lighted on all sides by stars of different magnitudes.

THE just man is not he who wrongs no one, but rather he, who, having the power to injure, represses the will.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO KEEP EGGS.—A housewife writes that eggs may be "kept as long as you wish" by simply placing in a colander, pouring boiling water over them sufficiently to cook "the thin outside skin"—which excludes the air, and then set away in a cool place.

RHEUMATISM.—A correspondent gives the following remedy for curing rheumatic gout, from which he had long been a sufferer. He insulated his bedstead from the floor, by placing underneath each post a broken-off bottom of a glass bottle. He says the effect was magical, that he had not been free from rheumatic gout for fifteen years, and that he began to improve immediately after the application of the insulators. A physician some twelve or more years ago, being possessed with the same idea, used to place glass cups under bedposts in a similar manner to the above, and claimed to have effected some remarkable cures by the use of his glass insulators. We cannot vouch for any merit in the idea, but it is one easily tried.

TO PREVENT STEEL GOODS RUSTING.—Put about one quart of fresh slackened lime, half-a-pound of washing soda, half-a-pound of soft soap in a bucket; add sufficient water to cover the bits, etc.; put them in the wash as soon as possible after use, and wipe them up next morning or let them remain until wanted.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW pier is about to be built at Southsea. It will be 580ft. long, including an octagon-shaped head 145ft. in diameter.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The business of the British Association in Dublin has been brought to a close. The remaining papers were read, and some of them discussed, and the other proceedings were of a routine character. Grants of money were made for several scientific purposes. The president, at the closing meeting, stated that the magnitude of this year's gathering was unprecedented in the history of the Association. The tickets sold numbered 2,573. The meeting was adjourned till August 16, 1879, at Sheffield.

THE Act passed on the 8th ult. to provide for the establishment of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louisa Margaret Alexandria Victoria Agnes of Prussia has been issued. The annuity of £10,000 on his Royal Highness is to commence from the date of the marriage and "to be free from all taxes, assessments, and charges," and to be paid quarterly, in addition to the annuity before granted. Her Royal Highness is to have an annuity of £6,000 in the event of her surviving the Duke.

A SPLENDID coronet and lace train intended to be presented to the Queen of the Belgians on the 25th anniversary of her wedding by the female population of Belgium, as a testimonial of their respect and esteem for her Majesty, has been on view at the Hotel de Ville. It is difficult to conceive anything more splendid than the lace train, excepting the coronet. This latter, which is of small dimensions, is of exquisite workmanship, is composed of a circle of brilliants, and contains no less than 2,300 precious stones. It is stated to have cost upwards of £3,000. The lace train has cost £500.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIE.—The matter will repay you for reconsideration.

B. P.—The use of carbonate of soda would remove any acidity.

WIDOWER.—We are unacquainted with the Society you mention.

COLLIER.—Wash with a strong decoction of rosemary, and have it cut frequently.

F. H. B.—Write to Mr. Rowney, requesting him to forward the book you require on the art of mixing water-colours.

A. G. C.—The young man who gave you the apple, we presume, intended to convey to your mind that you were "the apple of his eye."

JANE.—Cass will serve the purpose. Booths were more frequent in those days. Cass will also serve to mean a hint.

FLORA.—You must be quite aware that it is completely out of our province to answer your most remarkable question.

M. W.—You should have sent stamps. You can, however, obtain the number from any news-vendor in your neighbourhood.

JIM.—Sympathy must have a *raison d'être*. It cannot be produced by a communication which is as cold and barren as a stone.

LEON B.—You should apply to an advertising agent; a list of these agents is published in the London Directory.

W.—In our judgment a girl of seventeen is too young to marry. Difference of religion is in England no impediment to marriage.

LENA.—You would have much to learn from your continental kinswomen. Few Englishwomen could compete with their French sisters in so simple a matter as darning or grafting a stocking.

OLIVER.—As far as we know there does not exist any means by which the result you desire can be rapidly and artificially produced. The growth depends upon nature and time.

EMILY.—Any hairdresser would supply you with a good dye. If, however, you prefer to make one for yourself, tell us the original colour, and we will then give you a receipt.

GEORGE.—The name George signifies the earth-worker or agriculturist. In this sense it is connected with Virgil's poem, called the Georgics from its relation to agricultural pursuits.

T. C.—There is no "procedure" laid down to meet such a case. At the same time, a man is at liberty to take any name he thinks proper so long as it is with no intention to deceive or defraud.

EMILY.—Your words would make an agreeable song. Consult a music publisher, of whom there are several of note in the somewhat patrician district of New Bond Street. The song might, we think, be quite fitly set to music.

XERXES.—Your question is of a personal nature, and its issues are wholly personal. We recommend you to consult your friends—to use your best reason—in the wise exercise of it. Take a straightforward course and all will be well.

DANIEL.—You could get all particulars by applying at any naval station—Portsmouth, for instance, which, by the way, is the one nearest to London, or you might, if in town, apply at any of the shipping agents in the neighbourhood of the Tower.

RICHARD.—The practice of handicapping is certainly fair; in fact, it is the essence of fairness. But it will be well that you should abstain altogether from a pursuit which deteriorates the moral nature more than any depravity.

L. T.—There should be at least some attempt at personal description, for by that marriages are materially influenced. A girl can scarcely be expected to fall in love with a name or a trade. Certainly impunctuality is of itself no recommendation.

JACK.—The locality from which you hail is probably too remote to suit the lady, especially since your description is so general and indefinite. Wary as she may be, she would avoid the greater weariness of a wild-goose chase to which the phantom-like nature of your epistle seems to invite.

B. H. F., fair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady about seventeen or eighteen.

ALBERT, nineteen, brown hair, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about seventeen, fond of home.

L. F. and C. E., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. L. F. is twenty, tall, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home. C. E. is twenty-four, medium height, dark brown hair, dark eyes, and very fond of music.

G. D. C., twenty, brown hair, grey eyes, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about one-and-twenty.

LOUISE S., nineteen, of a loving disposition, tall, dark eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty, fond of home and children, brown hair, dark eyes.

MARIE, twenty-three, medium height, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy, with a view to matrimony. Must be about twenty-five.

G. L. S. D. and M. F. B., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. G. L. S. D. is twenty-three, fair, medium height, light blue eyes, fond of home and children. M. F. B. is twenty, brown eyes, fond of home and children, dark.

L. L. B., twenty-four, dark hair, hazel eyes, fair, and medium height, wishes to correspond with a gentleman. Must be good-looking.

A. O. H. and T. L., two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. A. O. H. is twenty-eight, tall. T. L. is nineteen, medium height. Respondents must be between nineteen and twenty-two, fair.

D. M. and G. B., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. D. M. is twenty-two, of medium height, fair, loving. G. B. is twenty, tall, dark, good-looking.

## BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

Oh, envy her not, as she passes you by,  
In her carriage so rich and so fine;  
In the midst of splendour she is weary and sad,  
And in sorrow doth often repine;  
Oh, envy her not, 'twas bought with a price—  
Her splendour and wealth untold;  
Envy her not, a true heart was the price,  
More precious by far than gold.

Oh, envy her not her rich jewels and lace,  
For they cover a heart that is sad;  
She would gladly give all for the olden days,  
When her heart it was merry and glad;  
Oh, envy her not, 'twas bought with a price,  
Her splendour and wealth untold;  
Envy her not, a true heart was the price,  
More precious by far than gold.

Envy her not her mansion so grand,  
Ah! no prison more gloomy could be;  
She thinks with regret of a far-away cot,  
Her heart is pining for liberty;  
Oh, envy her not, 'twas bought with a price,  
Her splendour and wealth untold;  
Envy her not, a true heart was the price,  
More precious by far than gold.

A lover, he wooed her in those olden days,  
And she loved but scorned him in her pride;  
He was poor, and for gold she was wedded soon  
To that old man who sits by her side;  
Then envy her not, 'twas bought with a price,  
Her splendour and wealth untold;  
Envy her not, a true heart was the price,  
More precious by far than gold.

I. G.

K. L., twenty, dark, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony, twenty-two, good-looking.

E. M., twenty-two, brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman. Must be about twenty-five, dark, fond of home, and blue eyes.

T. L. and H. G., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. T. L. is seventeen, light hair, blue eyes, medium height. H. G. is eighteen, medium height, dark hair, dark brown eyes, loving, fond of home and children.

TOMMY, seventeen, tall, dark hair, hazel eyes, dark, good-tempered, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about eighteen.

MOLLY and DINA, two friends, wish to correspond with two seamen. Molly is twenty-six, dark. Dina is twenty-two, fair. Respondents must be seamen in the Royal Navy.

H. C. L., twenty, fair, medium height, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-four, fond of home.

S. J. W. and D. A., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. S. J. W. is nineteen, medium height, dark hair and eyes, fond of home. D. A. is eighteen, fair, medium height, of a loving disposition, fond of home.

F. L. and W. C., two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. F. L. is nineteen, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music, of a loving disposition. W. C. is twenty-two, light hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children.

CANTING LINE, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. He is twenty-two, dark, good-looking, and good-tempered.

L. D. and G. H., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. L. D. is nineteen, fair, dark hair and eyes, tall. G. H. is twenty-one, good-looking, dark hair and eyes.

M. L. D., twenty-two, good-looking, light hair, medium height, would like to correspond with a young lady about seventeen.

EMILY J., twenty-four, fond of home and children, golden hair, blue eyes, loving, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-eight, dark hair, brown eyes, medium height, good-looking, fond of home and children.

ANNIE and SALLY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Annie is nineteen, light brown hair, blue eyes, loving. Sally is seventeen, dark brown hair and eyes, tall, fond of home.

GERTY and ROSEY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Gerty is twenty, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition. Rosey is twenty, dark, auburn hair, hazel eyes, thoroughly domesticated. Respondents must be about twenty-two, dark, tall, fond of home.

A. E. C. and A. C. E., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. A. E. C. is twenty-one, fair, medium height, dark eyes. A. C. E. is nineteen, dark brown hair, hazel eyes. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-four.

NELL and CLARA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Nell is seventeen, fair, good-looking. Clara is eighteen, fair, medium height. Must be about twenty.

DICK, twenty-five, fond of music, tall, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Respondents must be about the same age.

ROLAND and OLIVER, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Roland is twenty-one, medium height, auburn hair, grey eyes, fond of home and children. Oliver is twenty-three, fond of home, tall, loving.

LADY, twenty-two, brown hair, grey eyes, fair, medium height, of a loving disposition, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

CRESCUS, twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, tall, loving, fond of children, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age, good-tempered, fond of music, dark.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

L. L. is responded to by—E. W. E., nineteen, medium height, fair.

JOHN by—Beatrice, nineteen, domesticated, fond of home.

ALFRED by—Sweet Alice, golden hair, dark blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

F. K. by—Henry.

POLLER by—Collapsing Boat Fred, twenty-eight, fond of home and children, good-looking.

ROSE by—Pontoon Jack, twenty-four, fair, of a loving disposition, blue eyes, fond of home and music, medium height.

POLLY by—Patent Beef Bill, twenty-eight, hazel eyes, dark, fond of home.

ALICE by—True Blue.

ROSA by—Quarter Block.

F. W. by—G. C., tall, brown eyes, fond of home, and fair.

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London: Published for the Proprietors at 334, Strand, by A. SMITH & CO.